THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EROS IS DEAD!

BY S. AIKIN.

Eros is dead! I saw his lovely eyes,
Lovely and languishing, like stars that fled,
When morning came along the purple skies.
Eros is dead!

Eros is dead! I saw his rose-lips parted,
And the last sigh, exhaled like perfume shed,
And troops of virgins, wailing, broken-hearted,
"Eros is dead!"

Eros is dead! from Earth's most murky cave,
Came forth dark Mammon with unholy tread,
I heard him shout, exulting o'er the grave,
"Eros is dead!"

Eros is dead! young Eros, the divine,
Forsaking ours, to purer worlds hath fled,
Twine ye the cypress, weeping virgins, twine,
"Eros is dead!"

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER IX.

A WOUNDED CHIEF.

It was a fearful situation in which we left Miss Amberley and her maid. Captain Wilson's flight to her rescue had been rudely interrupted by a fierce blow on the head from one of the Indians. Only that the weapon glanced, his earthly career would have been ended.

As it was he fell prostrate, and lay for awhile stunned. It was a passing blow with the savage, who was in full pursuit of the scouts, and fortunately did not stop to complete his work.

For a few minutes they were deserted, all the savages having disappeared in the pursuit. Laura had sunk in a crouching position on the ground, her screams having subsided into sobs.

Miss Amberly still stood erect, but her face was pale and stony in its expression; she swayed as if she would fall. The horror of her situation was telling fearfully upon her.

A slight cry escaped her lips when she saw her only remaining defender fall. She broke from her lethargy, rushed to where he lay prostrate, and examined the wound upon his head with feverish haste.

There was no cut there, only an abrasion where the glancing weapon had struck. She hastened to the river side, wet her handkerchief, and pressed it upon the wound.

The coolness relieved him. He opened his eyes the next minute, and looked up gratefully into her face. His senses rapidly returned.

An uproar of voices beyond the ridge betokened the return of their captors. Miss Amberly, though terrified for herself, seated herself beside her patient, stretching her arm across him as if for defence.

She had heard the report of a rifle, and dreaded to see the gory scalps of her friends in the hands of some of the savages. But their cries seemed rather those of rage and disappointment than of triumph, and she began to hope that the scouts had escaped.

A minute more and the Indians had crossed the ridge, and were gathered round their helpless captives, their faces full of anger.

Two of them partly supported the gigantic savage whose arm had been broken by Jack Grey's rifle ball.

He was a handsome fellow, his muscular frame being splendidly proportioned, his every movement full of unconscious grace. His features had all the manly beauty of which the Indian type is capable, and wore a commanding expression, which showed that he was one high in station among the savages.

His wound had bled profusely, yet he suppressed every sign of pain and weakness, and walked erect, with a fixed, grave expression of countenance, in strong contrast to the savage look with which he had thrown his hatchet at the scouts.

What brutal action the savages might have taken in their rage was prevented by other emotions. The strength of the wounded man seemed to suddenly leave him. He tottered and would have fallen but for the ready hands of his supporters.

The others gathered around him, concern strongly displayed upon their faces. For the moment their captives were forgotten.

Seating him gently on a knoll, the most skillful of the savages proceeded to dress his wound. It had already been rudely bandaged, but the dressing had slipped, and blood was gushing out in profusion from a cut artery.

Their somewhat rough handling brought no sound of pain to his lips, no sign of shrinking to his features. A deep pallor, however, showed the suffering he was suppressing.

A soft voice behind them spoke in accents more musical than many of the Indians had ever heard.

"The dove is stronger than the buffalo," said the chief. "Dove Finger been good to her enemy. Me no forget."

"Let me put the bandage on his arm. You are hurting him."

The captives had stood looking intently upon the scene before them, and the kind heart of Nellie Amberly had softened at the evident marks of pain on the features of the chief.

Most of the Indians failed to understand her words, but the tone was significant to all, and they made way for her with softened looks, as she pressed forward.

The young lady was not altogether disinterested in this proffer of her services. Her pity was accompanied by the thought that such a display of interest might soften their obdurate hearts.

The rough surgeons had already succeeded in staunching the flow of blood, and yielded the wounded limb to her with curious eyes, her every movement being keenly watched.

She was a soldier's daughter, and not unaccustomed to hospital duty. Her experience in this line soon enabled her to determine that no bone had been broken, that the wound was a flesh one, and that the weakness of the savage proceeded only from loss of blood.

The huge invalid looked down with wondering glances upon his unlooked-for nurse. All the fierceness was gone from his eyes, and a grateful look took its place, as her soft fingers drew the bandages round his arm, so gently as to give him no pain.

She had called Captain Wilson to her aid in this labor, declining the proffered help of the savages. The officer was not without surgical skill, and gave her important assistance in her self-imposed duty. He had caught the altered looks of the savages, and saw that this service to the chief was likely to benefit himself and his fellow captives.

"Thanks, Dove Finger," said her huge patient, in good English.

He took her small hand in his, and looked down, with a curious glance, on the white palm laying like a snow-flake in his great brown hand. A faint laugh came from his lips.

"The dove is stronger than the buffalo," he said. "Dove Finger been good to her enemy. Me no forget."

"I hope your arm does not hurt now," said the nurse, in a gentle tone.

"It no hurt," replied the savage. "It be well in eight, ten days. Your friend do that."

There was a gleam of anger in his eyes as he spoke these last words.

"My friend!" she faltered.

"Yes. Great warrior. Run like lapwing. Jump in boat. Two. One gray-beard, one boy. What names?"

"You cannot know them," she replied. "The young man is named Philip Sawyer, the older one is John Gray. They are hunters and guides. They were taking us to Nacogdoches."

A murmur from the surrounding Indians showed that the names were not unfamiliar to them. The name "Eagle Eye" was spoken in a low tone by one of the Indians.

"Eagle Eye!" she repeated, in wondering accents.

"John Gray you call him," replied the chief, with some difficulty in pronouncing the name. "He good rifle. Fight much with Mexicans. Cherokee call him Eagle Eye."

A sound of approbation broke from the lips of the surrounding Indians at this remark of their chief.

It was evident that the scout was well known to them, and that his skill in the use of the rifle had won their savage praise.

The lady drew somewhat back from her huge patient. The looks of admiration which he cast upon her were not reassuring. Had she escaped from one danger to fall into a worse one?

It was a highly picturesque scene in which she found herself. The moon was shining brightly through a rift in the clouds, illuminating the group of Indians and captives, and penetrating the shadowy depths of the thicket that covered the hillside above them. The wounded chief sat on his grassy knoll like a woodland king upon his throne. He bore his arm in the sling they had improvised for it with as much unconcern as if nothing had happened him.

His wild companions were grouped in a semi-circle around him, their dark, fierce faces expressing various emotions, among which wonder at the courage, skill, and pity of their fair captive was predominant.

Laura was still crouched upon the ground, near a fire which one of the natives had kindled. She had lacked the courage and resolution to come to the assistance of her mistress. Her expressions of terror had ceased, but her face still had a scared look.

Captain Wilson had flung himself on the ground at a little distance, apparently desirous to avoid any too close attention of the Indians.

No show of binding any of the captives was made, but one or two of the older warriors kept their eyes closely upon them, noting their every movement.

The fire had been kindled in a slight depression of the ground, with a screen of bushes between it and the river side. It was plain that the Indians did not care to make themselves a target to the two sharpshooters in the boat, who might venture near them under cover of the darkness.

The temporary illumination from the moon ended as the clouds again swept over its shining disk, and only the fitful, wavering glare of the firelight remained. Its momentary flashes gave fear-inspiring significance to the dark faces surrounding. Its failing light left a gloom more terrible still. Miss Amberly felt herself shuddering with fear, despite herself.

The suspense of their situation was broken by the voice of the chief, who, after talking in his own language to several of his followers, turned to his captives:

"Dove Finger tired," he said, with true woodland gallantry. "Cold make her shiver. She will try sleep—she and the dark hair."

The latter appellation was given to Laura, who had now risen from her crouching position, and stood behind her mistress, clutching the cloak of the latter as if for protection.

"Dove Finger thanks the chief," said Miss Amberly, accepting the appellation which the warrior had given her. "She is weary, and will sleep. She is a prisoner to the Cherokee, but he will not let her be harmed."

"No," replied the chief, significantly touching his bandaged arm. "Indian no forget."

The warriors to whom the chief had spoken now brought armfuls of soft mosses, which, spread on the long grass of the island, formed a comfortable bed.

The two unfortunate girls yielded to the necessity of their situation, and reclined upon the bed thus prepared, the warmth of the fire rendering their improvised couches very pleasant.

Captain Wilson had already cast himself on the grass near the fire, and, to all appearance, was in a deep slumber.

The chief was not long in following the example of his captives. He had borne up against the weakness caused by loss of blood and the pain of his wound with true savage stoicism, too proud to allow any weakness to manifest itself before his prisoners.

He now stretched himself on a couch similar to that prepared for the females, his wounded arm being carefully arranged across his body, and a blanket thrown over his half-naked form.

The other Indians stretched themselves out so as to surround the captives with a cordon of savage keepers. No other precaution was taken, no sentinels stationed, and they all yielded to slumber as if perfectly secure of the detention of their prisoners.

The quick eyes of the lady, however, had noted that the number of the savages had diminished. They were several less in number than they had been ten minutes before. Probably keen eyes were on the lookout for the escaped scouts. They might be engaged, too, in attending to their wounded, of whom there were several on the island.

The excitement, and the strangeness of her situation, kept sleep long from Nellie Amberly's eyes. But weariness at length overcame her, and she yielded to the slumber which seemed to have locked the senses of all around her.

CHAPTER X.

A MORNING MEAL.

The next morning dawned bright and warm. The rising sun soon dispelled the chill of the autumn night, and shot its slant rays brilliantly across thicket and stream. Nothing had happened during the remainder of the night. If the scouts had loitered about the island with the hope of rescuing their friends, they had been deterred by some evidence of vigilance in the savages.

At all events, nothing had occurred, and no alarm been given, and the rays of the rising sun showed no trace of the boat upon the river.

The scouts had evidently considered "prudence the better part of valor," and had removed themselves from a dangerous neighborhood.

The captives had not slept very soundly. Despite their weariness they had been made restless by their unpleasant situation, and their slumbers were broken and unrefreshing.

The morning light revealed this situation to them in all its terrors. The dozen of painted and brutal-looking savages who were lounging around the remnant of the fire, or engaged in various occupations, their fierce eyes turned in doubtful glances upon the captives, aroused very natural fears in the breasts of the latter.

The lines of the war-paint rendered their ill-favored countenances horrible in their dark significance, and it seemed to Miss Amberly that a party of demons rather than of men were moving about herself and her terror-stricken maid.

Captain Wilson had risen and walked, without obstruction from the savages, to the stream, where he was bathing his face, and washing the slight wound upon his head.

The chief had also risen. The softness which the moonlight had given his features was lost in the glare of the sun, and Miss Amberly gazed with a sensation of fear on the harsh lines of his face.

He walked over to where she stood, and pointed to his wounded arm, on which the bandages had been somewhat displaced during his sleep.

She could hardly bring herself to the task which pity had caused her involuntarily to assume the night before. But all their liberties might depend on her retaining the favorable impression which she had made upon the savage, and she forced herself to yield to his wishes.

With a playful movement she induced her patient to seat himself, and calling her trembling maid to her assistance proceeded to remove the blood-stained bandage from the arm of the chief.

The wound had ceased bleeding, and showed signs of a tendency to heal rapidly, the healthful blood of the wood land warrior bringing only life-giving agencies to its aid.

Sending one of the savages to the stream for water she washed the blood from the wound, giving Laura the bandage to wash, as there was nothing with which to replace it. Finally, winding the wet bandage about the wound, she replaced the arm in its sling, the arterial flow being still restrained by the constricting wraps which his rude surgeons had placed above the wound.

"Dove Finger very kind," he said, in a gentle voice. "It get well now, quick. Her touch soft as the fur of the beaver. The chief like to have her for doctor."

"The chief will not keep me a prisoner," she said, in a pleading voice. "My father is waiting for me in Nacogdoches. The chief will let me go there?"

The Cherokee waved his hand round the circle of savage listeners.

"Twelve voices," he said. "No get twelve voices say 'let Dove Finger go.' Cherokee chief only warrior, not king."

"I am your prisoner, not theirs," she replied. "You can do as you please with me. I am not at war against your nation. I want so badly to reach my father. You will let me go?"

"Yes—some time," he answered. "No hurry. Dove Finger like see the lodges of the Cherokee; learn how Indian live. Sometime go home to father."

"But," she pleaded, a show of tears in her eyes, "my father is in dreadful trouble. His enemies will ruin him. I can save him. You must let me go."

"What your father's name?" asked the chief, in a colder and harsher voice.

She hesitated a moment before replying.

"Mr. Amberly," she at length said.

"Major Amberly," he replied, in a surprised tone. "He your father? He fight the Cherokees. Kill three warriors. You no go to him."

"He only did his duty, chief," she continued, in a pleading tone. "He is a soldier. I have not fought against you. I have only nursed you. You will let me go save my father?"

"Not now," said the chief, with a cunning look. "Want doctor yet. You good medicine. Arm not well. When arm well, Dove Finger go to her father. Cherokee no let enemies hurt her father."

She turned away, sick at heart, from the shrewd savage, who plainly had no intention to release her.

"Dove Finger no leave her friends," said the chief. "Here the dark hair and the soldier. She no want leave them?"

Miss Amberly felt that it would be useless, indeed, to ask the savages to release all their prisoners, but her remaining in their hands would not ameliorate the condition of the others, and if released herself she might send assistance to them.

"They have no father in prison," she said.

"What can Dove Finger do for father?" asked the chief.

"I can save him from his enemies, who may murder him if I am kept a prisoner. Oh, chief!" she cried, in a deeply pleading voice, "release me, send me to my father, if only for two days! I will return to you and become your prisoner again."

"When Cherokee catch bird he no let it go," said the cunning Indian. "When bird gets its wings spread, it forget. Pale face lady think too much what she can do. Soldiers no mind woman's voice."

"I have documents, papers. Will you send them to my father?"

"Send Indian warrior? They shoot. Colonel get papers. Burn them. No help your father."

It was evident that the chief knew the character of Major Amberly's trouble.

"Dove Finger no eat?" continued the chief. "See, Indian got breakfast ready."

She turned away, sick at heart, from the food which some of the warriors had been preparing.

"I will appeal to Colonel Bowles," she said, indignantly; "or to Lone Star, the great war chief of the Cherokees. They are great warriors, and do not war upon women. They will release me."

The Indian smiled as he heard her words. The threat seemed to amuse him.

"No king among Cherokees," he said. "All warriors alike. Dove Finger my prisoner. Must keep my good medicine. She no eat? Long walk. Will want food."

The Indians had already fallen to their breakfast, with good appetites. The appetizing smell of venison had proved too much also for Captain Wilson and Laura. They were partaking of the viands which their captors had offered them.

"You weak," said the chief. "Want food. No use starve."

He brought a portion of the food to where she sat, on a platter of smooth bark, and placed it before her.

"Dove Finger eat," he said, with a slight menace in his voice. "No use starve."

He returned to the circle of Indians, and commenced himself to eat, with a ravenous appetite, which seemed likely to soon restore his lost strength.

Miss Amberly acknowledged to herself the reason of his words, and with some difficulty managed to eat a portion of the food. In her present state of mind it was very distasteful to her.

The sun had now risen to some height. Two of the warriors had left the circle an hour before in obedience to a command from the chief in his own language.

They were now seen returning, with two canoes, which they had somewhere procured.

They had, in fact, been brought down the river from some place above during the night.

Several journeys were necessary to transport the whole party across the stream in these slight canoes, and an hour had elapsed ere they were all gathered on the western bank of the river.

The captives were now again placed in the canoes, which were paddled up the Nina by two of the warriors, the others walking in sight through the woods.

Some two miles were made in this way, when they were again landed, the boats taken back down stream by several of the savages, while the others began an overland passage towards the Indian camp.

CHAPTER XI.

COLONEL BOWLES.

It was a long and wearisome walk which the captives were now forced to take. Fortunately for them, the chief was too weak to proceed very rapidly, and they were, in consequence, obliged to walk rather slowly.

Their route lay northward through the woods that bordered Nina creek, extending back a mile from its banks. Beyond this commenced an open prairie, extending several miles to the north.

It was now in all its springtide beauty, and seemed rather a tropical flower garden than a spot planted only by nature. It had not, it is true, the brilliant aspect of the Texan prairies in autumn, when the whole broad sweep seems one unending field of bloom. But the separate flowers were far more beautiful and varied than in the later season, and Nellie Amberly's strong love of nature overcame, in a measure, the deep sadness that was upon her.

Laura walked beside her with a free step, and a more cheerful countenance than she had hitherto worn. It was a terrible thing, to be sure, to be prisoner to the Indians, but she had not been scalped, her hands were not tied, and hope began to spring again in her disconsolate heart.

Captain Wilson was given no opportunity to communicate with his fellow-

prisoners. He was kept at the end of the long file in which the Indians crossed the prairie. His hands were free, but before and behind him walked a savage guard, with their keen tomahawks ready to their hands.

The soldier, however, was well aware that escape was, just now, impossible, and he walked steadily on, as if he had accepted the situation, with no show of dread or depression of spirits on his face. His savage captors might have been his special friends, for all that appeared on the surface.

The camp lay ten miles to the north of where they had left the creek. It was placed on the edge of the forest that bordered a narrow stream, which here swept with a long curve westward. The open prairie lay in front, the stream ran to the rear, the savages having thus on two sides natural defences against surprise or sudden attack.

It was not their usual custom to establish a fixed camp in their raids; but their villages lay far to the north, the war party who had ventured thus far south was spread in small detachments over the country to the southward, plundering, burning and scalping. Colonel Bowles, their leader, had been shrewd enough to perceive the utility of having a central place of rendezvous for the temporary reception of prisoners and plunder, and whither they might gather for defence in case of a strong attack by the whites.

About twenty savages were grouped about the camp, the others being all out on raiding expeditions. Several bark wigwams had been hastily erected, and other indications of an extended occupation of this place were visible.

A number of prisoners occupied the centre of the camp, their sad, dejected looks showing the hopelessness with which they viewed their captivity.

Their savage guards walked about as if heedless of their presence; yet not a movement escaped the keen glances of these vigilant sentinels, and frowning looks admonished them against using too far their apparent liberty.

The party of new comers was greeted with shouts of welcome and triumph, as the number and appearance of their prisoners were observed.

These shouts were succeeded by cries of rage on beholding the wounded condition of the chief, and the great weakness with which he entered the camp, after his wearisome walk.

Scowling looks greeted the prisoners, and more than one hand was extended with a hostile movement.

The chief observed this, and turned with a frowning face, speaking a few words in the Cherokee tongue. The others instantly fell back, leaving free passage to the captives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN'S AGE.

Assuredly no question possesses more anxious interest to all unmarried women than the momentous one of when they lose the power to charm. And it is beyond doubt that a dread of the advancing years is much more rooted in the minds of the gentler than of the sterner sex, oppressing them, indeed, often at an absurdly early age. Only the other day we heard a blooming maiden lamenting the approach of her seventeenth birthday, saying, with a melancholy shake of her pretty head, "I am growing so horridly old!"

In contrast to this was the remark of a gentleman, who, on being asked his age, replied frankly, "I am twenty-seven; not that it matters much, for it has always seemed to me that a man's age was one of the least consequence between twenty-five and forty. I should not like to be less than twenty nor more than forty; between these periods I am indifferent to the progress of time."

Despite all that has been said and sung of the loveliness of immaturity, we doubt if any woman of real attractions ever comes into the full glories of her kingdom until she has nearly reached that very age which seems to school girls the *ultima thule* of youth.

History is full of the accounts of the fascinations of women who were no longer young. Thus Helen of Troy was over forty when she perpetuated the most famous elopement on record, and as the siege of Troy lasted a decade she could not have been very juvenile when the ill fortune of Paris restored her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude. Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after, and Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last. Turning to more modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary Diane de Poictiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II. (then Duke of Orleans and just half her age) became attached to her; and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court, up to the period of the monarch's death, and of the accession to power of Catherine of Medicis. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the *golden youth* of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing young General Orloff. Up to the time of her death (at sixty-seven) she seems to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally.

Mlle. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially were celebrated throughout Europe. The famous Mme. Recamier was thirty-eight when Barras was ousted from power, and she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

This list might be still further swelled, but we think we have given enough to prove that a woman need not lose her attractions though youth be gone, and, above all, that if her mind be cultured, and her heart kindly, she shall have a power of never-fading fascination.

MORE epitaphs are written to show the wit or genius of the living than to perpetuate the virtues of the dead.

FAR APART.

BY J. C. HENDERSON.

Beneath the quaint old bridge you hear
The waves make music as they pass;
And, winding to the elm tree near,
You see the pathway through the grass,
Where we were wont to walk, alas!

The river wanders as of old
Beneath the shade of willow trees;
The sunlit waters gleam like gold,
And ripple to the gentle breeze;
But I am far from thee and these!

Our joys forsake us. Soon does spring
Pass by and for the summer call;
Soon do the birds lose heart to sing,
When fading leaves in autumn fall:
And winter is the end of all.

JENNIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY A. F. B.

"Tell me who is here this summer."

Fred Dayton lighted a fresh cigar as he spoke.

His companion replied:

"My wife has a pretty cousin with her this year. An heiress, too, Fred."

"What's the figure?"

"Fifty thousand dollars, from a grandfather, in her own right, and probably as much more when her bachelor uncle leaves this world."

"Is there any chance?"

"She is fancy free as yet, I believe. But, after all, you have no occasion to look out for an heiress with your fortune."

"Bless your innocence, Tom! I could easily dispose of fifty thousand more, if it only bought finery for the future Mrs. Dayton."

Leaning from an upper window, but concealed by a thick running vine, a lady caught the words of this conversation.

"Upon my word," she soliloquized. "I am really very much obliged to Tom! So his friend will try to win my money, will he? The impudent puppy! I'll make him pay for this, or my name is not Jennie Willett."

There was a spice of coquetry in the heart of the pretty heiress, and she firmly resolved that if the suitor for her money had a heart, she would add to the sting of her refusal of his offer by wounding that organ, if possible.

So when Mr. Fred Dayton was presented by pretty Mrs. Hogan to her cousin, he found himself greeted with a graceful cordiality that was flattering as well as delightful.

It was on the programme for the pleasures of that sunny June day, that a party was to wander in shady woods for half a mile, and there to enjoy a pic-nic luncheon.

So, as the walkers marshaled for their procession, it fell out that Miss Jennie Willett found by her side Mr. Fred Dayton.

He was in the net Miss Jennie was spreading for him before the spot selected was reached.

And the lady?

Commencing her flirtation with her heart full of pique, and a desire for revenge, she would not admit to herself what had made her morning so pleasant.

She told herself it was mere gratification that her plans were working so nicely, and the prospect was so fair for her to make Mr. Dayton smart for his insolence.

Yet—and she stifled a sigh at the thought—it was a pity this delightful deference, this effort to please, was all assumed to gain her money.

She recalled words that proved her new suitor no mere puppy, but a man who had read much and thought deeply.

The summer days passed swiftly; and meaning smiles hovered over the faces of the others when Mr. Dayton and Miss Willett were mentioned or were noted in each other's company, for the flirtation was carried on briskly.

It was only flirtation, to punish him for his insolence, Jennie sternly told her heart, when she caught herself musing over his words; sighing, too, sometimes, as she thought the pleasant summer was drawing to a close, and she must soon dismiss her cavalier from her side forever.

For—and her cheeks burned then—it was to her money all this winsome court was paid, and the smiles, the deference, the attentions, were all for the sake of handling her grandfather's legacy.

And while the heiress sighed and mused, the wooer was blessing the lucky hour that brought him to N—— for the summer.

He had forgotten the foolish speech he had made about the heiress, and had given his heart to the woman; and he thought how proud a man might be of her beauty and taste when the voice of society praised his wife.

The day came when the full heart found vent in speech, and, as the young couple walked in a shady, lonely lane, Fred's words, warm and tender, spoke the true and sincere passion in his heart.

It was some moments before the answer came.

Jennie had to battle with a desire to put her little hand in his, and give him back love for love.

She had to school her face and steady her voice before she could answer.

"Mr. Dayton, my answer to you must be to recall to your memory your conversation with Mr. Hogan on the porch the evening of your arrival. Every word of it was distinctly audible in my room."

"Then you have been playing with me?" he cried, fiercely.

"I have been endeavoring to prove to you that my money had a human appendage."

It was well for her composure then that he turned abruptly from her, and strode rapidly homewards, leaving her to turn into a narrow bye-path in the woods, and sob out all her pain in solitude.

For she realized now, in bitter humiliation, that whatever Fred Dayton had sought in his wooing, he had won her heart.

As the tears chased one another down her cheeks, one of the unerring instincts of true love came into her heart, and she felt deeply and keenly that the love she had insulted and rejected was not the false suit of a fortune-hunter, but the true heart seeking which is the only sure guarantee for wedded happiness.

She crept slowly home at last, hiding her red, swollen eyes under her veil, and went to her own room.

Upon her dressing-table lay a letter, and as she read it, there came into her busy brain a quick, luminous idea.

"I'll try it," she said. "My eyes are in splendid condition. I'll try it."

She took her open letter in her hand, and went mournfully into the room where dinner was in progress of demolition.

As she appeared, Fannie cried——

"Jennie, what is the matter?" You look as if you had been crying your eyes out."

"The S—— Bank is broke!"

"By Jove!" cried Tom, "all your money was in that."

Jennie hid her face on Fannie's shoulder, and sobbed.

"Never mind, Jennie. Come to my room, darling," said Fannie.

And Jennie suffered herself to be led away.

"Fred Dayton wants to see you, Jennie," said Tom, "in the parlor."

She left the room gravely.

She found Dayton waiting in the parlor, marching up and down with true masculine impatience.

Before she went in, she looked a moment at the tall, graceful figure so buoyant with animation, at the handsome face radiant now with impatient hope, and in her heart there was a glad little song, with the refrain:

"He loves me! he loves me!"

All the gladness was banished from her step and face, however, as she slowly advanced to meet her lover.

He could wait for no formality of greeting.

Abruptly, earnestly, with his whole soul in his voice and eyes, he said:

"Jennie, you rebuked me sharply today for my presumptuous and insolent speech to your cousin. I acknowledge that I deserved it; but, now that the money is gone, will you not believe me, that the dearest hope of my life, the dearest wish of my heart, is to win your love."

"You are sure it is *me* you love?" she said, in a very low voice.

"Before I had known you a week, darling, I had quite forgotten that you were an heiress. I only knew that you were the only woman I could ever love, or whose love would be precious in my heart. Surely you may trust me, now. Be my wife, and every hour shall prove to you how sincerely and tenderly I love you. Speak to me, Jennie. Why do you hide your face?"

She did not tell him it was to hide her smiling mouth, her dancing eyes, but she allowed him to draw her gently into a close embrace, to take in his own her soft little hand, and tell her sweet and loving words.

"You will be my wife?" he whispered, and then she looked up.

"Yes, I will," she said, blushing, but looking bravely into his eyes, "for I believe you love me, and I love you with my whole heart.

"Stop!" for his lips were approaching hers, to close the speech. "Don't kiss me yet.

"I forgot to mention that Uncle George drew all my money from the S—— Bank before it broke, and has it in safe deposit elsewhere.

"Now you may kiss me."

"But, Jennie," Fannie asked, when she and Tom joined the lovers some time later, "what on earth were you crying about?"

Jennie never told, but Mr. Tom Hogan made some guesses at a private interview, that Jennie would neither deny nor confirm.

THE GOLD COAST.—If there exists anywhere outside the boundaries of romantic fable a land which is at once, "a beauty and a mystery," it is probably the Gold Coast of Africa. A sky of unclouded brightness—a luxuriant Flora, yielding in the garden the most tempting fruits and rising in the forest into the grandest forms of vegetable life—birds of the most gorgeous plumage—animals and insects of almost infinite variety—give to the external appearance of this coast an extraordinary charm and gaiety. The outward sparkle—the voluptuous sense of easy and relaxed enjoyment—though common in their degree in all tropical countries, become intensified in Africa, from the luminous mists which hang over the earth. The story of the land is also singularly in harmony with its outward aspects. Its dismal forests offer themselves as appropriate scenes for those superstitious rites and cruel customs in which the natives are known to indulge. Altogether, there is a lurid harmony of tones and colors on that coast, at once moral and physical. The white cottages of the European residents, which appear from the sea as if about to be swallowed up in the luxuriant vegetation, are but the types of a human story. How weak and wasted seem the white population of the coast in contrast with the abounding nature—how few the houses—how numerous the tombs!

PERFUMES.—The Persians borrowed from the Medes their taste for perfumes and cosmetics. Such was their predilection for perfumes, that they usually wore on their heads crowns of myrrh and a sweet-smelling plant called labyzus. In the palaces of monarchs and individuals of rank, aromatics were constantly burning in richly-wrought vessels, a custom of which we find an illustration in the sculptures of Persepolis. The greatest admirer of perfumes among ancient Asiatic monarchs seems to have been Antiochus Epiphanes, or the Illustrious, King of Syria. At all his feasts, games, and processions, perfumes held the first place. The king was once bathing in the public baths, when some private person, attracted by the fragrant odor which he shed around, accosted him, saying, "You are a happy man, O king; you smell in a most costly manner." Antiochus, being much pleased with the remark, replied, "I will give you as much as you can desire of this perfume." The king then ordered a large ewer of thick unguent to be poured over his head, and a multitude of poor people soon collected around him to gather what was spilled. This caused the king infinite amusement, but it made the place so greasy, that he slipped and fell on his back in a most undignified manner, which put an end to his merriment.

THE OLD LICENSE LAWS.—It is a singular fact that in all old representations of the manners and customs of our forefathers, cups and drinking vessels are more plentiful than dishes. The early inhabitants of England no doubt were hard drinkers, especially after the occupation of the kingdom by the Danes, who brought some very bad habits with them. In fact, to such an extent did the drinking evil prevail, that Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, put down a number of ale-houses, and only allowed one to a town. He also ordered that pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking vessels at stated distances, and he who drank beyond three at a draught was liable to punishment.

INDEPENDENCE without wealth is very common, and wealth without independence is probably even more so.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE VERDICT.

The next morning, the judge concluded his summing up, and the jury retired.

They were absent about a quarter of an hour; but, to the two prisoners in the dock, to Milly, to Mr. Benson, and to old Mark, it seemed an age—an age of terrible suspense and anxiety. Presently, there was a slight commotion at the end of the court, and the jury returned. The old judge turned round and faced them.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, gravely, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman answered, "We have."

"Are the prisoners guilty or not guilty?"

"We find them both guilty," answered the foreman.

"Prisoners at the bar, have you any reason to give why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"I have only to say that I am innocent," replied Herbert.

But Nat, thus appealed to, told the whole story of the murder; how Joe Lay had turned and fired in the keeper's face, to make him loosen his hold; and how, together, they had brought him home and buried him.

"I thought it was all an accident, and that it would be hard if a man was hung for what he couldn't help; but I see now that I was wrong, and that it was my own foolishness that has brought me to this pass. But I call heaven to witness that Master Herbert had no more to do with it than the child unborn, and that the real murderer of Flax was Joe Lay. He bore me a spite because I wouldn't have nothing to say to him; and he threatened he'd make me repent; but all I can tell him is, that I would rather stand here as I stand now, than I'd go free with his conscience."

Then the judge put on the black cap, and in solemn voice pronounced sentence of death upon the two prisoners.

The court rose in confusion; the condemned men were carried back to prison; and the trial was over.

"I haven't dreampt it three times, but so it will be," said old Mark to Milly; "there's no getting off now."

Milly uttered a cry of despair.

"No," she said, "it is all over."

The execution was fixed for the 10th of March; and old Mark had been promised that he should see his son twice before this terrible day arrived.

His first interview with Nat was a calmer one than could be expected.

"Look'ee, father," said the lad; "if I'd my time to come over again, I'd do different. I can see now where's the harm of poaching, and how it's just taking what don't belong to us. I didn't like it when folks called me a thief; but that is just what I was.'

"Nay, lad, you mustn't be so hard upon yourself," said old Mark; "and it was all my fault for bringing you up so."

"Never mind about that now, father. The chaplain has been talking very comforting to me, since I came here. I am only anxious about you now."

"Oh, I shall be all right!" replied old Mark, hoarsely.

"And you won't go poaching ever again, father?" inquired Nat, in a voice of earnest entreaty.

"Look at me, lad!"

Nat scrutinized him through fast gathering tears.

"You look badly."

"And, may be, I feel worse than I look."

"You worry about me, father, and you needn't. I am quite easy in my mind; and I'd rather be Nat Greysome now, than Joe Lay."

"Heaven bless you, lad!" said old Mark, abruptly, hearing the door open. "Heaven bless you!"

Mark was at his work as usual the next morning; but he seemed so feeble, that Milly went out to him and made him come in to the kitchen. Then he sat over the fire, and dozed until the clock struck eight, when he rose, mechanically, and crawled home to bed.

Milly had obtained permission to see Herbert the day before the one fixed for his execution. But, for this, she had been obliged to proclaim, openly, that she was the prisoner's betrothed wife.

Not that she had felt any shame in this avowal, Milly was much too brave for that, but knowing how conscientious Herbert was, and how terribly the mystery, which she had not yet been able to clear up, weighed upon his mind, she almost feared that he would reject her visit upon such terms.

Milly had the feeling as if she were going to a funeral as she paced down the long corridor. There were doors on each side, all numbered, and windows with sliding panels to every door, that the warder might be able to slip them back at any minute, and see what the prisoner was doing inside.

When Lardner came to the last cell, he unlocked it; and, telling Milly he should return in an hour, left her alone with the prisoner.

Herbert was so haggard and thin, his eyes looked so unnaturally large and bright, it was easy to realize that this was his last day of life. He had the appearance of a man who was wasting with some disease, which was near its end.

The first thing Milly did, as she stood with her hand in his, was to give him the paper which her father had written. He read it through; and then, he added, very sorrowfully, "My darling, we might have been so happy together!"

She buried her head on his breast and wept.

"Forgive me, Herbert. I meant to be so brave; but, alas! the burden is heavier than I can bear."

"If this confession had only came a little earlier, Milly?"

"Oh, my dearest, what shall I do all these long, weary years alone?"

"I would have you marry, when time has softened this trouble somewhat. You are too young to give up everything to the memory of an old love——"

"Nay," she said, softly; "I shall try and make people love your memory by reason of the good deeds it has incited me to perform."

"My noble, precious *wife!*" he murmured, tenderly; "I wish I might live, if only to prove myself worthy of such brave devotion. You have clung to me through weal, through woe, and I have nothing to give in return, but the poor thanks of a miserable man who is about to die."

Milly lifted her eyes heavenward.

"We shall meet there!" she said. "Nevermore to part!"

There was a short spell of silence after this. Hand in hand, heart to heart, absorbed in each other and their own sorrows, it seemed as if silence explained their meaning as well as words.

After a while Herbert spoke again.

"I wish that poor lad, Nat Greysome, could get off, Milly. It is hard lines for him, and also for poor old Mark, who will be left without a protection in his old age."

"I shall take care of him—that is to say, whilst he lives."

"Is he ill, then?"

"I am afraid so. You would not know him again if you could see him now, he is so sadly altered, so feeble and helpless, and broken down."

"My father will be very lonely——"

"Stop," she interrupted; "I understand. Do you believe that he would like to live with me?"

"I am sure of it. He said as much when he was here a little while back. My father loves you already for my sake; he will soon love you for your own."

"This is such a small favor, Herbert; can I not do more for you than this?"

He hesitated, and then stopped himself suddenly in something he was going to say.

"Go on," she urged. "I could not do too much for you."

"But I was going to ask of you a thing which you ought not to dream of, even."

"Tell me what it is?"

He still hesitated, but Milly, with her sweet lips close to his ear, murmured tenderly, "Don't you know that the only comfort I can have now is in fulfilling your wishes?"

"But, Milly, I fear, with all your courage, you could not accomplish what I require."

"Let me be the judge of that."

"My precious wife—for now, the last day I have to live, I dare to call you this—my heart is full of dismay at the thought of the tumultuous crowd which will congregate to-morrow to see me die. If there were one beloved face among all those angry ones at which to look—one which would tell me in mute but expressive language that it trusted me still, and would have me look beyond the shame and agony of such a death to the promised glory of heaven, I then could bear the fatal noose about my neck without even a sigh."

"I will be there!" answered Milly, solemnly.

Herbert kissed her tenderly, and gratefully, almost reverentially.

"My dearest, you will be rewarded for this sacrifice. I am so helpless, I can only give you such poor thanks as a dying man dares to offer."

"Herbert!"

"My precious one!"

"The time is just up; if there is a single thought or wish in your heart held back from me, speak it now."

"Kiss me, Milly."

Her sweet lips met his in one long, lingering, passionate kiss; and then she said faintly, as she heard the lock turn, "God bless you, and make you brave!"

"I will be brave," he answered, solemnly, "for He will sustain me; and it will seem, seeing you, as if my last sigh had passed away in your arms." One more hurried kiss, and the door opened. She pressed both her hands passionately to her lips, with a gesture full of devotion and trust, and her last glance, as she disappeared, said, as clearly as words could have said, "I love you, and God is merciful."

CHAPTER XLIV.

AT LAST.

Joe Lay often dropped in, as he called it, to Mary Flax's cottage, and when her husband's body was discovered, and she could no longer plead ignorance of his death, he became urgent that she should redeem her promise, and marry him.

This was a time of suffering for poor Mary, such as no pen can describe. She believed Joe to be her husband's murderer, and she had the proof that satisfied her in her possession; and yet to have to dissimulate still—to have to smile on him when her heart was full of rage and bitterness—to hear him make plans for a future, which she would die twenty times over rather than share—was not this torture—torture such as even Milly Lowe could not match?

Sometimes she thought she would go to a magistrate, and tell all she knew. But then she remembered how the words he had once spoken to her as to his certainty of her husband's death, might have been accounted for in the very facts demonstrated by his evidence in court. And then the coat, stained with his victim's blood—what was that, since he had confessed to having helped to carry the unfortunate man to his burial?

Altogether, poor Mary was in a state of painful anxiety and suspense. She would fain have saved the two men whom she firmly believed would die for a sin they had never committed, but how to accomplish this she did not know. And yet, as the day of execution drew near, she felt somehow as if she were helping to kill them, because of her own perfect faith in their innocence.

If she could only induce Joe to confess! But there seemed no chance of this, now that the motive which might have influenced him to such a step was gone, and Mary could be won without any such risk as a confession would undoubtedly entail.

He was anxious to get out of the neighborhood, where, somehow, people looked darkly on him. The feeling was strong against Herbert and Nat, but it was also strong against Joe, who, in his character of "informer," was generally avoided and despised.

Mary Flax, with her brave perseverance, her unfailing industry, was just the woman he wanted to take abroad with him, as in his idle fits, which were not uncommon, he fancied she would keep him.

On the day before the execution, he met Mary in the village street. She had both her little ones toddling along at her skirts, but directly she perceived him, she ceased her care of them, and held her head disdainfully high.

Even this little ruse was an effort, for Mary Flax loved her bairns most tenderly; but since it was expedient, she had no complaint to make. If anything was to be done with Joe, it must be done that day.

He came up and accosted her.

"Well, Mary," he said, "when am I to have my answer?"

"You may have it as soon as you like."

"What does that mean?"

"It means to-night, if you hear it aright."

"You are not making a fool of me?"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mary, coquettishly, "who ever put that notion into your head? You seem to have forgotten all your English, Joe."

"You can't wonder, I am loth to believe such good news."

"If you'd rather not believe it, you needn't."

"You are a confounded tease, Mary," he answered, half offended; "why can't you speak plainly?"

"I thought I did. And, after all, it's only fair I should have my day now. It will be different after we are married, of course."

"I don't see why it should. I want things to keep pleasant, myself."

"Men are such tyrants," said Mary, slyly.

"That's only when they've got bad wives. An industrious woman like you wouldn't want no talking to."

"I was brought up to work, and so it isn't no trouble now. I'd rather keep two people than I'd sit idle," said Mary, watching him stealthily.

"You're the kind of woman for me."

"But what I should most like," added Mary, with the old sly glance at him from under her black eyelashes, "would be to go abroad. One might have a chance there."

"That's my very idea, Mary. Supposing we go?"

"To be sure; we should get on then. There's so many here always trying to pull you down, and ride over you rough-shod, it's no wonder honest people don't thrive. I'm tired of this country, I am, and the sooner I get out of it the better I shall like it."

"When will you go?"

"Look here now, Joe, I've got a sovereign, I spared for a particular purpose, but what's no use now; and as for them brats," indicating them disdainfully, with the toe of her boot, "bread is good enough for them. So supposing you come and sup with me, and we have something nice? We could settle everything then."

"You've always got such good notions," said Joe, admiringly; "it would have taken any other woman a year or more to fix on such a likely plan as that."

"I set it all down as being brought up industrious," said Mary, who saw that any reference to her hard-working habits put Joe in a good humor, and guessed the reason. "Shall we say nine o'clock? You may want to drop in at the Red Lion, beforehand, to hear what is going on."

"May be I shall; and nine's early enough."

"The youngsters will have been in bed sometime, and I shall be able to roast you a nice little bit of meat. Are you fond of roast pork?"

"Yes," said Joe, smacking his lips. "Why?"

"Because Mrs. Brown killed a pig yesterday, and I could get a piece, if you liked."

"There's nothing so toothsome," replied he, more admiringly than before. "Why, Mary, you're a wonder for pleasant notions, you are!"

"Then you'll be punctual, on account of the crackling, which is apt to get burnt. And how about liquor, Joe?—just a drop of spirits you must have, to make the pork set."

"If I am consulted, I should say gin!"

"Very well, then; gin it shall be. And so I'll get home, and see about the pork, in case it should be gone."

"There's a ship sails for 'Meriky on the 15th," Joe called out, as Mary walked away.

"We'll talk about that to-night," she shouted back, and marched on, giving little Mary a sudden cuff, to deceive Joe, who was watching.

The child cried a little; but Mary waited till Joe was out of sight, and then she took the tiny creature up into her arms, and covered it's face with passionate kisses.

"I wish it was all over," she sighed. "I am almost worn out with all this deceiving. And, sometimes, I feel as if I was going mad!"

She put her hand to her head distractedly, and withdrew it, covered with cold dew.

"If it wasn't for the children," she went on, "I'd gladly lay down and die; and that's what will be the end of it, likely enough, for if Joe finds I've been fooling him, just to worm his secret out, he'll kill me, just as sure as I stand here. But, may be, I shall learn what I want to-night; and if I can only save those two men I don't care what becomes of me."

By seven o'clock the little ones were fast asleep in their warm bed. Mary had removed them to the inner room, the window of which she had left wide open, although she pinned up a blanket in front of it. This might have seemed rather an imprudent step, considering the sharp, easterly wind that blew over the common; but it was probably necessary for some purposes of her own, or Mary, who was a most tender, careful mother, would not have done it. Then she brought the key inside, and, these precautions taken, occupied herself in preparing supper.

It was only a moment or so past nine when Joe came in. Everything was ready by this time—the pork done to a turn, the potatoes in a dainty flour, and yet whole, and a huge tankard of old ale, strong and subtle, and yet with a mellow flavor, from its years, that deceived one as to its strength, set in Joe's place.

Joe eyed all these details with an appreciative air, and then his sullen brows contracted again. Mary could see that he had been drinking just enough to render him obstinate and cross; and though she recognized to the full the peril of her position, and knew she must act guardedly, her courage never failed her.

It is true that her heart felt heavy within her when she thought of the two little creatures asleep in the next room, but she trusted to her mother-wit to get her out of this peril—and, somehow, it seemed quite certain to her that, her purpose being holy, heaven would take care of them.

Joe dragged himself into his seat, scowling.

"Those fools at the Red Lion have cleared me out," he said, discontentedly. "You haven't got a trifle to lend a fellow, have you?"

She emptied her purse on the table. Foreseeing some such application, she

had kept back a couple of shillings, and that was all.

Joe seized them eagerly, and his manner mended again. He even attempted a joke.

"It will be all the same a few days hence," he said. "Husband and wife share and share alike."

"Of course. But how about the passage money, Joe, if you are cleared out?"

"Oh, I shall manage that," he answered, irritably. "You attend to your own business."

Mary suspected that he had some scheme of robbery in his head, but she was careful not to question him further. She answered, in her meekest voice:

"I didn't mean to interfere, Joe; it was just curiosity made me ask."

"Then smother your curiosity for the future," he said, roughly. "I hate a prying woman."

She filled his plate, and passed it to him.

"You're a good cook," he remarked, as he put his knife into the pork; and again his humor improved.

But he was irritable and uncertain, and Mary knew that the difficulties of her task were almost insurmountable—but not *quite*, heaven be praised.

Joe drank the ale, but he did not praise that.

Deceived by the mellow flavor, he declared that it was too weak.

"Yes," said Mary, softly; "it's poor stuff. But I thought you'd enjoy the spirits more if you didn't have your beer too strong."

"I forgot about the spirits. What is there?"

"A pint of gin."

"That will do. And there's the kettle boiling, if I don't declare!"

"I thought, perhaps, the night being cold, you'd take something hot to comfort you."

"And lump sugar!" continued Joe, his eye wandering round the table, and the semblance of a smile curling his broad, sullen lips. "Why, I do declare, Mary, you've got something like a head!"

"I shouldn't have done much for myself without."

Joe enjoyed his supper greatly; and Mary, with a secret joy that showed on her face, saw that the ale was beginning to take effect. He got almost good-humored under its influence.

"You'll be ready to sail on the 15th?"

"No fear about that."

"And what are you going to do with the brats?"

"Jim's mother will take them."

"And keep 'em?"

"So she says. If not, they can go into the workhouse."

"Of course, and the best place for 'em. They'll be brought up religious there," added Joe, with a leer he meant to be facetious.

"I expect you've got a pretty tidy stock of clothes?" inquired Joe, anxiously.

"Heaps. I was always in good service before I married, and so I collected a store of things of one sort and another."

"That was right; there's nothing like being savin'."

Mary began to mix Joe a glass of spirits, and, moreover, to make it strong. He took a little sip, and then he looked reflectively into the fire.

"Have you forgotten, Mary, that Master Herbert and Nat will be hung to-morrow?"

"No," she said. "Had you, then?"

"I couldn't very well. They was full of it at the Red Lion just now."

"Oh, indeed! What did they say?"

"Why, they said it was all as clear as noonday, that them two committed the murder."

Joe took a sip at the spirits, and looked at her oddly.

"What do you say?"

Her knowledge of his obstinate nature dictated her next answer, which was the best she could have given.

"I say they did, too."

"Then you lie!" replied he, fiercely.

The liquor was mounting into his head, and he was just in that state when the senses are all at their keenest—just before they give way utterly.

"Who else could?"

"Ah! you don't suppose I am going to tell you everything, do you?"

Mary's voice trembled so much with the intensity of her eagerness, that she had to wait a while before she could answer.

"I don't see why you shouldn't, you know. It doesn't signify a straw to me who killed my husband, or who didn't. He was a terrible brute to me, though I never said anything about it, and I'm more than thankful to the man that rid me of him."

"You are just deceivin', now, Mary Flax."

"That never was my way; besides, you must have been pretty blind if you couldn't see I wanted you all along."

"Then, why didn't you have me?"

"Well, you see, Jim wanted me so bad himself, that he made mischief between us."

"I wish I had known that."

"Anything you'd given him would have served him right, that's all I can say."

"I'll tell you a secret some of these days, after we're married and settled down comfortable."

"Is, Joe?" she said, coquettishly. "You've made me so curious, I don't know how to bear myself. It can't be about the murder, because I'm as sure as sure can be that it was Master Herbert and Nat rid me of Jim."

"I thought I told you they didn't——"

"But, of course, I took it for a joke. Anyhow, they'll hang for it, all right, to-morrow; only I should like to know."

"What for?" he asked, turning upon her with sudden suspicion.

"Well"—and she took up his glass and sipped the steaming liquor daintily—"because, whoever did it, I should like better than ever I liked any one before. For him I'd work my fingers to the bone; for him I'd starve and pinch myself, and leave children, and home, and everything, just out of thankfulness, even if I didn't love him before. I can't think of anything that would be too good for the man that got me out of that scrape."

"I wonder if you are speaking the truth?"

"You wouldn't wonder, if you knew all."

"What is there to learn, then?"

"Well, she answered, laughing, "you've got your secrets, it seems, and so I don't see why I shouldn't have mine. Look here!" she added, edging close to him; "you won't tell, will you?"

"No; I won't tell."

"When I found out what he'd done about you, I tried to poison him."

"Never!"

"I did. It made me so mad. There was I wondering what made you give me up, and all the while it was his doings. It was enough to upset anybody."

"Did he find you out?"

"Of course he did! It was in some medicine I gave him the poison, because I fancied the taste wouldn't frighten him; but, as luck would have it, he found out there was arsenic there at once, and took the bottle over to his mother's. 'There,' says he, 'if I should die sudden, or be ill or anything, you just take that bottle to the chemists, will you, mother, and ask him if there isn't arsenic in it, and tell him my wife gave me it, so that it may be known what's happened. If Mary thinks she's going to get me out of the way so easy as all that, she's very much mistaken.'"

"What did you do then?"

"Why, knowing what hung over me, I was obliged to put up with him then, and trust to chance."

"Mary," said Joe, looking very wise, "has your mother-in-law got that bottle now?"

"That she has; for it was only yesterday she was threatening, if I didn't take good care of the children, she would have it analyzed, as they call it."

"Then, if you was to get any one else into a scrape, he'd only have to tell on you?"

"That's all."

"Very well, as we're equal, I don't mind telling you now as I killed Flax."

"What, my husband? Nonsense! Master Herbert and Nat did that."

"No, they didn't."

"Are you sure?"

"About as sure as a man can be when it was his very own hand that dealt the blow."

"Oh, I see," answered Mary, carelessly. "It wasn't them, then, after all. Only Jim was wrapped in Master Herbert's cloak."

"I don't know anything how that came there, nor who dug the body up. I buried it all safe that night, and that was the last I saw, or wanted to see, of it."

"Then Master Herbert has got an enemy?"

"Tommy Wilson doesn't seem very fond of him."

"It's odd about him, Joe. Fancy his turning out no idiot, after all."

Mary had coaxed the secret out of him by a fable which seemed to place her in his power; and yet she hardly knew, after all, if she should be able to save the two men who were about to suffer for his sin.

It was past twelve o'clock by this time, and Joe seemed oddly wakeful; and, unfortunately, he would not touch the rest of the spirits. Joe had a kind of prophetic instinct, perhaps, that put him on his guard, or he knew that he had enough already, for he resolutely declined.

The clock struck one, two, three. Mary grew almost desperate. Joe dozed a little in his chair, from time to time, but the least movement of hers would waken him. At last she hit upon the expedient of mixing a glass of spirits for herself. At this act, which Joe was inclined to look upon as the purest waste, he began to growl.

"You'd no business to touch it," said he. "What do women want with such things? It would have done for me to-morrow."

"Well, then, drink it yourself," she answered, tartly, and pushed it towards him.

The steaming odor, mounting to his nostrils, proved irresistible. Joe lifted the glass, and drained it dry. Mary pointed to the bed with an imperious gesture, for he was quite under her command now. Joe crawled to it in an abject way, stumbling as he went, and muttering incoherently, and in another second he was deep in his drunken slumbers.

She came and bent over him, shivering as his hot breath fanned her cheek, and then she stole into the next room. At this minute the clock struck five, and the execution was fixed for eight. She locked the door softly on herself as she went into the inner room, where she caught quickly at the blanket that was in front of the open window, and dragged it away. After this she went to the bed, and gathering both the children in her arms, she covered them with the blanket, stilling a little cry of remonstrance that Jimmy made, and hurried through the window, and out into the lane, where all was cold, and misty, and dark. Fortunately old Mrs. Flax lived within a quarter of a mile, and the woman was already up, getting her breakfast, when Mary arrived.

She darted in, and put both the children into the warm bed from which the other had recently risen, and said, in a quick, decided voice:

"Don't ask any questions, mother, for I haven't time to answer one. Only mind and keep the children out of sight, as you value their lives, until I come back," and was gone.

Down the lane, and over the first stile that led by a shorter route to Dawford, poor Mary, hoping against hope, brave, determined and conscientious, went panting like some hunted animal.

Oh, if she should be too late, after all!

It must be quite half past five by this time, and she had eight miles to go. Could she ever do it? She thought not, in her heart; but still she struggled on. It would be a cruel thing, indeed, if these two innocent men could not be saved because of her weakness.

Mary began to run. But she found now how much scanty rest and poor fare had told upon her strength, for she had hardly gone a mile, before her breathing became so oppressive she was obliged to stop.

She went on again afterwards as bravely as ever, but now her hope was gone. The tears fell weakly down Mary's white cheek.

To have labored so hard, to have periled her life, and then not to be able to save them, after all! It seemed so bitterly hard, and the great clock in the church tower was just striking six.

If God would but give her strength!

She lifted her heart in mute prayer to heaven, but no answer was vouchsafed her.

Only that one pale streak of light broke under the morning star.

She urged herself on.

"At least," she thought, "if I must give up presently, I will go as far as I can, so that I may have the feeling afterwards that I did my best. If I had but gone to Miss Lowe's house, and roused some of the men, and begged them to drive me to Dawford, they would have done it. But I was so agitated and eager, that I never thought of that, and now it is too late."

She looked around her with a dim glance of inquiry that hardly saw what it looked upon. Suddenly her eyes filled with a new expression of hope, keener than any they had worn yet. On the opposite side of the hedge, grazing quietly, was a carriage horse of old Mr. Lowe's, which had once been noted for its speed. It had been turned out sometime now, and ought to be as fresh as a colt; only, how to guide it? But, presently, Mary found that it had a halter on, and breathed a sudden exclamation of relief and joy, as she cut a stick from the hedge, and drawing old Brownie near the gate, so that she might be able to mount, sprang on his back, and astonished him so exceedingly by her decision of manner that he forgot to remonstrate.

Over hill and dale, never slackening speed, never looking back once, this brave woman went. Some who met her, with her hair flying in the wind, riding like a man, but with more than a man's courage, thought her mad. But what cared she? When they shouted at her, she turned her white, resolute face their way, and they were suddenly silenced. She entered the town as the church bells were tolling mournfully on the still morning air, and the nearest clock was striking eight. She knew that she was too late, then, and believed that it must all be over, and yet she struck her panting horse with the whip, and dashing through the crowd, that parted, wondering, to let her pass, found herself in front of the jail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S THIEF.

BY R. T.

I am a very old lady. I have very often told my grandchildren the story of how I stopped the thief. And now they beg me to write it down, that they may read my story themselves. When I am dead, they mean. And so I write it.

When I was a little girl, I lived alone in an old country farm house with my father. Your great grandmother died, as you have heard, when I was born, and so I was my father's only companion. Dearly I loved him, and tenderly he talked to me of all his labors and all his pleasures. At the time I write of I was just eleven years old; a merry, boisterous girl, with big fearless eyes, and a spirit of achievement that was always getting me into mischief.

I must describe our house. The front door opened into a passage that ended by another door which led into our farmyard. There were two tall, narrow windows on either side of the principal door, and five tall, narrow windows on the first story. A heavy cornice hung over this row of windows, and from it rose the steep roof. This roof did not rise to a point. It was surmounted by a kind of summer house of wood, about seven or eight feet square, with a window in each of its four sides. This little chamber, which we called our lighthouse, was itself surmounted by a big shining vane. The interior of the lighthouse was reached through a small trap-door. This trap-door was in the ceiling of the great garret formed by the whole roof of the house. The garret could only be entered by one other trap-door, which opened into my father's room. There was just space enough in the lighthouse for my father's writing-table. There he kept his accounts; there he wrote his letters, on those rare occasions when necessity compelled him to do so. There were his rusty pistols, and his dozen drawers of indescribable odds and ends. There he could see the half of his lands.

Twice a year my father paid the rent for the land he rented adjoining the home-farm, which, as you know, was his own. On the day before the rent was to be paid, the sum was always brought in gold from the bank at the town. Such a proceeding might not be very wise, but it was hallowed by its antiquity. The money was usually kept in a bag in my father's own room. All these arrangements were well known to me, and all the tribe of servants and laborers who lived on our farm knew my father's ways as well as I did. But he was unsuspicious to a fault.

One evening my father had ridden to the town, and had come back with his gold. All the maids and the men were sitting at their supper in the kitchen, and I stood by the fire waiting for my father.

At last he walked into the room, swinging something in his hand. It was the leathern bag that carried the money—but it was empty. I knew that its place was in the bureau in my father's room, not empty, but full.

"Father," I said, "where's the money? Why haven't you locked it up in the bag?"

Everybody in the room heard my question, and everybody in the room heard his answer:

"Where's the money, daughter? I mounted the lighthouse when I came in to get the keys I left there in the morning, caught the bag in the corner of the table, and tumbled all the coin into the drawer. There it may lie. It's safe enough."

In an hour more I had been dismissed with my usual kiss, and was shut close in my own room. I have said that I should describe the house. I have only partly done so. The range of stables and farm-buildings, at the corner of which the actual house was built, were partly made out of the ruins of an old house that had fallen into decay with a fallen family. There stood still an old room on a third floor, with great windows, each in a gable of its own, that stood out from the old roof. Two of these large windows looked out to the west; and on the south side, which adjoined the modern house, was a smaller attic window, apparently inserted since the dismantling of the building.

I had taken possession of the great attic with the great old windows, and there I kept my treasures, and did my best-loved work, as my father in his lighthouse. My father condoned my independence, and would only say, as he bade me good night:

"Mind you lock your private door."

On the night in question I lay long awake. I heard all the servants who slept in the house mount to their rooms. Then I heard my father locking and barring the doors, and ascend in his turn, pausing a minute to listen at my room, before he retired to his own. Still I lay awake, and grew restless in my bed. I began to think of all that I had done in the day, and of all I meant to do to-morrow. I was going out to fish, and had been cutting a new hazel top to my rod, up in my sanctum in the old buildings. And where was my knife that I had been cutting with? My knife that my father had brought me from town a year ago, and that I loved so very fondly? I had left it in the attic. Of course, no one would go there. It was quite safe. But how silly to leave it! Could I go and fetch it? No; certainly not. My father would be very angry with me for going out in the night. I must go to sleep. But I should like to see how the attic looks in the bright moonlight that shines in my room. I cannot do any harm by going out. And I cannot sleep. And I hate to lie awake. The old clock on the stairs strikes eleven. The house has been quite still for an hour and a half.

I stepped gently out of bed, and stole to the window. I remember the whole scene now. Great clouds were coursing over the sky, and presently the moon would be hid. I turned the key in the lock of my own door. It moved so silently and easily, that I could not help pulling back the bolts. In another minute I was in my attic. You may think that I was very courageous girl, and very unlike most of the children you know. Perhaps children nowadays have more foolish ideas in their heads than those of seventy years ago. I knew nothing to be afraid of. There lay my rod, and there was my cherished knife, its blade looking very blue in the moonlight. I shut it, and vowed never to be so careless again.

Opposite to me rose up the steep roof, and at the top was the lighthouse, its vane shining in the clear light, and its windows looking just as though there were a candle inside. I had turned to go down to my bed again, for I was beginning to be conscious that it was cold, when I saw the window of the lighthouse that was nearest to me slowly open. I cannot say that I was exactly afraid, even then. I was spell-bound with astonishment, and stood motionless to watch. The sash was raised, and a man cautiously got out. He moved awkwardly, and seemed to have his hands tied. Then he began to descend the roof very slowly, and very warily. He advanced inch by inch along his perilous journey, with his hands still in front of him. I had just time to recognize his features, when the great cloud came over the moon, and in the sudden gloom of the comparative darkness, I could see little.

But I had seen enough now. The man was one James Connor, a laborer on the farm. He had come to the house some weeks ago, and though my father knew nothing of him, he had been received. His fellow-servants had complained, once or twice, that he was a drunkard, but he had promised amendment. He was in the kitchen when my father had indiscreetly answered my indiscreet question. What he was now doing was, to me, clear enough.

He had passed through my father's room before the house was closed for the night, had concealed himself in the garret till all was still, and had then mounted to the lighthouse to steal the money. He could not descend through my father's room without rousing him. Nor was it needful to do so. He knew the premises well, and was aware that if he could descend the roof, and gain the little window, he could at once reach the farmyard, and so make his way whithersoever he would.

All this flashed through my mind as the cloud fell over the moon. In a moment I was watching more eagerly through the night, as the dim figure crept heedfully downward. He wore his shirt, and stockings, and shoes, and a pair of rough breeches. In his hands he held his spoils, perhaps because he wore no pockets; perhaps, because, as his stupid look showed, he was half drunk, and ran the risk of marring his plot, and ruining himself for life, by his folly.

This I could not explain. I only saw him coming lower, lower, lower, with my father's gold clasped in his hands. The bottom sash alone was standing in the window, about a yard from the floor in height, and there was nothing between the two buildings. I was hidden completely in the dark corner of the window. I thought the man must fall. He reached the cornice in safety, and stood up for a second before he stepped across. Then he stepped from roof to roof, and in a moment was leaning over the sash, supporting himself upon it by his arms, and resting his feet on the gutter that ran round the wall outside.

All this time I had simply watched. I had not thought what to do. I could not run away for help. I was chained to the spot. I knew that if the robber was to be baffled, it must be done now. As he paused before he clambered over the sash, and as he held out his hands with their spoil within them, I struck them with all my strength. The suddenness of the shock effected what my weak form could never have done. The man was startled, his hands parted, and the gold rolled all over the floor. With a curse he clutched at my arm as I darted from the window, and caught it with a grasp that I feel to this hour. Had his power not been crippled by his dangerous position I should have stood but a sorry chance against him. He could only use one arm, for with the other he was compelled to steady himself on the window. With that one arm he held me, and raised his knee to step into the room. I do not know why he did not let me go. He could have caught me long before I could have given any serious alarm, and have silenced me effectually. He could not at the same time hold me and enter the room. All this time I did not scream. It seemed to me that the struggle was too serious to be interrupted, and I felt so intense an earnestness in the work of trying to escape, that I was prevented from uttering a sound. At last the thief contrived to hold my little wrist in his huge hand, and grasp the sash with it at the same time. In a second he would have been in the room. He could have stunned, or perhaps murdered me, in a moment—have re-collected the gold, have descended into the court, and in those days, when as yet there were neither detectives nor telegraphs, have escaped. It was my left arm that was prisoned. In my right I held the knife. I was desperate, then; and though I was but a little, small-boned girl, all the devil in me was roused. I fear I could have slain the man with small compunction, at the instant of the deed. I lifted the clasp-knife to my mouth, and tore open the blade with my teeth, and then I cut at the wrist of my foe as though I would cut it through. He started back with a cry of pain and fury, lost his hold on the window, and fell. I heard the dull, heavy sound of his body as it struck the ground below. My left arm was covered with the hot blood I had shed. Then I turned round to rouse the house. But my young nerves remained strung only while the work was to be done. I staggered, and fell fainting among the gold I had saved. I lay senseless for some hours, and then woke with a strange feeling of having done or suffered something—I hardly knew what. Slowly I remembered what had happened. It was still dark. I went to the window to see what had become of my antagonist. There was light enough for me to see a dark mass below me, which I thought could be nothing else than Connor's body. I turned my head to the left, and saw the first faint light of morning breaking through the clouds. In half an hour the world of the farm would be astir. Slowly I returned to my deserted chamber, and passed through it to my father's. It did not take long to assure him of my being whole and unhurt, in spite of my bloody night-dress. Wondering as I told him my tale, he called some of his men, and we went out to see the enemy. He was alive. I felt a thrill of pleasure at knowing that, though I could have taken his life so ruthlessly in my rage. He was alive, but so bruised and injured by his fall that he was perfectly helpless. One of his legs was broken, as we discovered afterwards, and his right arm was out of joint. The gash of my knife had done him no serious harm. It was a bad cut, but no more. He was carried off to jail as soon as he could be moved. I will not tell you the story of his trial and his punishment. I remember the judge said that the little girl was more fit to carry her country's colors than many a man. But I doubt whether I could have carried a big flag, though I conquered a thief. And now my story is done. It happened seventy years ago, my children; but I remember it all, and though I own to being proud of my stout heart, I have exaggerated nothing.

THE FIRST AMERICAN LAW SCHOOL.

President Woolsey, in his historic address at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Yale Law School, said: It is worthy of notice that the first law school in the country of any considerable note was founded in the town of Litchfield, next to Bethlehem, where Dr. Bellamy lived. Bellamy's school was begun at least twenty-five years before the Revolutionary war. The law school at Litchfield owed its origin to Tapping Reeve, a native of Long Island, a graduate of Nassau Hall, a son-in-law of President Burr, and so a brother-in-law of Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States, and was begun in 1784, just after the Revolution was over. Some time before the end of the century, Judge Reeve invited James Gould, a lawyer in Litchfield, a graduate of Yale College of 1791, to take part in the instruction. They continued partners in the school until 1820, when, Judge Reeve having retired, Judge Gould became the head of the school, and ere long associated with himself for a time Jabez W. Huntington, afterwards Senator of the United States and Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Down to 1833, when Judge Gould, about five years before his death, discontinued his lectures, there had been educated at Litchfield, according to Mr. Hollister (History of Connecticut, vol. 2, p. 597), one thousand and twenty-four lawyers from all parts of the United States, of whom one hundred and eighty-three were from the Southern States. In this number are included fifteen United States senators, five cabinet officers in the general government, ten governors of States, fifty members of Congress, forty judges of the highest State courts, and two judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

LOCKING UP THE TOWER.

At the present moment, when the free opening of the Tower is exciting such general interest, in London, it may not be uninteresting to mention a custom called the locking up of the Tower, which is carried out nightly at 11 o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour, the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guard-house and calls out, "Escort keys." The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn out and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with "Who goes there?" the answer being "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more at the front of the main guard-house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria." To which the guard responds, "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.

ANCIENT INKS.

The ink used by ancient writers was formed of lampblack, or the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from furnaces and baths. Some have supposed that the black liquor which the cuttle-fish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscript, from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as thick as oil, and from chemical analysis, the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than that which is used in modern times. Inks of different colors were much in vogue; red, purple, blue and gold and silver inks, were the principal varieties. The red was made from vermilion, cinnabar and carmine; the purple from murex; one kind of which, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the emperors. Gold ink was much more popular among the Greeks than among the Romans. During the middle or dark ages, the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the highest degree of perfection to which the art was carried. The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business; another connected with it, and to which it owed its origin, was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words, in colored and gold and silver inks.

NEWS OF INTEREST

BABYLON and Nineveh are lighted with American petroleum.

AN American has opened a dentist shop in the Eternal City, and proposes to make Rome howl.

LAST year the hereditary pensions of Great Britain were £11,350, of which £4,000 is to the heirs and descendants of William Penn forever.

ACCORDING to the new military survey of the Russian Empire, the monarchy extends over 400,327 geographical square miles, or one-sixth of the inhabited globe.

A MAN at East Lyme, Connecticut, has been in bed for six years. He was rejected by his sweetheart, and has consoled himself ever since by lying in bed.

TWELVE States have adopted compulsory education laws: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Michigan, Kansas, Texas, Nevada, California, and from 1st of January, 1875, New York.

IN Sheffield, England, recently, a workman, who had just been married in church, was met on his return by about fifty of his fellows, and received at their hands as a bridal gift a fine leg of mutton. He accepted it with thanks, and soberly walked his way, a leg of mutton in his right hand and his blushing bride leaning on his left arm.

SOMETHING new and pretty in glove boxes is a miniature van (similar to those used in Paris to deliver packages), with horse in the shafts and burly looking driver in the box—all in *papier maché*. You open the door in the rear of the van, and a dozen pairs of nine-buttoned kid gloves greet the eyes. They are done up in perfumed colored tissue, and look "lovely."

ARE you fond of your coffee? An official investigation has just been made in Paris as to the materials of which this "delicious beverage" is made. There are five principal compounds:

1. Burned bread and coffee grounds.
2. Powdered chicory, sand, and brick dust.
3. Chicory and burned bones.
4. Chicory burned, mixed with butter and colored with Prussian red.
5. Burned cabbage roots and boiled horse liver.

AMONG lost articles recently found by Paris police and advertised by them, was a bride. The advertisement said: "There was found yesterday at midday a bride, eighteen years, blue eyes, black hair. Can be obtained on application at police headquarters." She was a country girl who came to Paris with her betrothed to get married. They took a cab at the station. On the way to the church the man got out to make some purchase. The driver was tipsy, and, instead of waiting, drove on, so they were separated in the wilderness, and the police found the bride weeping in the cab.

THERE is in the Island of Skye, a minister of one of the parish churches who occupies the pulpit which his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have filled in succession, and who is training up a son to be his successor. Besides discharging the duties of the ministry in his parish, he is chairman of the School and Parochial Boards, road contractor for the district, a noted breeder of setters, which he supplies to the southern markets, a knowing judge of cattle, and occupant of three large sheep farms in addition to his glebe. He is verging on three score, and yet he continues to discharge these multifarious duties and preach two sermons every Sunday—one in the Gaelic and the other in English.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO STRENGTHEN THE EYES.—Bathe them in table salt and tepid water—a tablespoonful of salt to half a basin of water.

TO MAKE SOFT SOLDER.—Melt together two pounds of tin and one pound of lead. The lining of tea chests makes a good solder for tinware.

A SIMPLE AND CHEAP REMEDY FOR WEAK EYES. — White vitriol, thirty grains; nitre, twenty grains; elder flower water, eight ounces. Mix together. It will cause the eyes to smart, but will do good.

FOR CROUP.—Half a teaspoonful of pulverized alum in a little molasses. It is a simple remedy, one almost always on hand, and one dose seldom fails to give relief. If it should, repeat it after one hour.

THE following receipt to strengthen, beautify and make the hair grow is said to have worked miracles with the weakest hair. Sponge the roots daily with a decoction of strong green tea. Stow the tea till it is black with strength.

MIXTURE FOR CLEANING SILVER.—Common prepared chalk or whiting, half pound; gum camphor, quarter of an ounce; aqua ammonia and alcohol, each, one ounce; benzine, three ounces. Mix well together and apply with a soft sponge, and allow to dry before polishing.

TO POLISH CUFFS AND SHIRT FRONTS. Procure at the hardware store a polishing iron, that with a bulge at both ends is the best. Iron the linen as usual, then place it on a board with a layer of muslin on the board, pass a damp cloth over the linen, and rub with the polishing iron until the desired degree of glossiness is obtained. The iron should not be very hot, or it will scorch; if it is too cool the polish will be long coming. Gum arabic dissolved and added in small quantities to the starch improves it; a lump of sugar is almost as good, and so is sperm, or soap, or butter, or white wax.

CURE FOR DIPTHERIA.—The ravages of diptheria in Australia have been so extensive within the last few years that the government offered a large reward for any certain method of cure; and among other responses to this was one by Mr. Greathead, who at first kept his method a secret, but afterwards communicated it freely to the public. It is simply the use of sulphuric acid, of which four drops are diluted in three-fourths of a tumbler of water, to be administered to a grown person and a smaller dose to children, at intervals not specified. The result is said to be a coagulation of the diphtheritic membrane and its ready removal by coughing. It is asserted that where the case thus treated has not advanced to a nearly fatal termination, the patient recovered in almost every instance.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the appearance of

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL

in our

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER,

entitled

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING,

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

The numerous characters that are introduced in this story, and the remarkable episodes in the heroine's life, cannot fail to delight and interest our numerous readers.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Lafayette lived six years beyond the three score and ten allotted to man; but if the length of his life were counted by great events rather than by years, we might well say that he lived longer than the oldest patriarch of the ancient time.

He was born on the 17th of September, 1757, at the castle of Chavaniac, in Auvergne, France. His family was of the *noblesse*, and the names bestowed on this tiny scion of a noble race were formidable indeed, being Marie Paul Joseph Roch Ives Gilbert de Motier. In after life he neither signed nor used the long array. By the death of his father, at the battle of Minden, he became Marquis de Lafayette. His mother died when he was eleven years old, and the orphan Marquis was sent by his relatives to school at Paris, and from thence to the Academy at Versailles.

At the age of sixteen he married his cousin, Francoise Adrienne de Noailles. Older and wiser heads doubtless shook in direful prophecy over this very early marriage, but it turned out happily for all that. The wife of Lafayette was more than worthy of her illustrious husband. He knew her true value, and loved her devotedly. Dying, he requested to be laid beside her in the Cemetery of Picpus.

He was only nineteen when he entered the French army. The glittering frivolity of court life failed to please him. Young as he was he did not lack thoughtfulness and keen insight into character. He had read and dreamed of free nations, and when he heard of the Revolutionary struggle in America his soul was fired with enthusiasm!

He heard of the revolt of the American patriots, from British lips, too—those of King George's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, at a dinner given at Metz. To the young and ardent Frenchman it seemed that the Americans had right on their side; he longed earnestly to assist them in their struggle against tyranny.

At this time—just after the disastrous campaign of 1776—the future of America as a free country, looked very dark. People in Europe confidently expected that with another blow the mother country would crush the hopes of her colonies. Silas Deane, one of the three American commissioners, was making efforts to procure a vessel. Some French volunteers were ready to embark, but for these officers, as well as for the guns he had purchased, Mr. Deane was unable to secure means of transportation. When Lafayette offered his services, the commissioner frankly explained the difficulty.

"I will provide a ship," said the undismayed Marquis; "we must feel confidence in the future, and it is especially in the hour of danger that I wish to share your fortune."

"And it is a literal fact," said Mr. Everett, in the Phi Kappa oration at Cambridge, "that when our beloved country was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, and of rank, to plunge into the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle."

The French government, discovering that Lafayette was fitting out a ship, ordered him to remain in France. He remonstrated with the ministers by letter, and receiving no answer, stole towards Marseilles, disguised as a courier. Luckily, he escaped discovery, and reaching the vessel, set sail for the field of war, on the 26th of April, 1777.

Seasickness was disagreeable and prostrating in those stirring times of long ago, around which history and romance have cast a heroic glamor, as in our prosaic century, and Lafayette fell a victim to that "monster of the deep," but when the fit had passed, he applied himself to the study of English and the art of war. In June he landed at Georgetown, South Carolina. He was hospitably received into the house of Major Huger. He was delighted with the country and the people, especially the beauty and simplicity of the American ladies, but he execrated the mosquitos.

Congress was in no hurry to accept the proffered services of Fafayette, for at this time General Washington was beset by foreign officers, eager to serve the cause of freedom for the greatest honor and the highest pay. Lafayette was not one of these.

"After the sacrifices I have made," he wrote to a member of Congress; "I have a right to exact two favors; one is, to serve at my own expense; the other, to serve as a volunteer."

This declaration pleased Congress. Lafayette was appointed Major-General. The Continental army was stationed near Philadelphia when the youthful Major General first saw it. This is his description of it; "About eleven thousand men, ill-armed, and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle; their clothes were parti-colored, and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore hunting shirts—large, gray linen coats, which were much used in Carolina."

At the battle of Brandywine—Lafayette's first battle—he distinguished himself by his bravery. He was wounded, and narrowly escaped capture by the enemy. His first campaign ended dreurily, almost hopelessly, amid the miseries of the camp at Valley Forge.

Lafayette proved not unworthy of the esteem and confidence of General Washington.

"Our General," said Lafayette, giving expression to a truth which time makes more and more apparent, "is a man found for this revolution, which could not have been accomplished without him."

Even before the great chieftain had taken up the burden of "those cares of state he little loved," angry faction was busy with his name and reputation. Several discontented Congressmen and officers strove to injure him, and, banding together, formed the "Conway Cabal." These malcontents endeavored to gain the brilliant and popular Lafayette over to their party. They even offered him an independent command at Albany. At a dinner at General Gates', when Washington's name had not been mentioned among the toasts, he remarked that there was a toast they had forgotten and he supplied the omission by drinking the health of the commander-in-chief. The clique drank the toast reluctantly, but its members understood that Lafayette would not swerve from his loyalty to the chief.

Shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Lafayette departed for France. The Peace of Paris, which formally put an end to the war, was signed in the beginning of the year 1783. Lafayette was the first to inform Congress of this devoutly wished-for consummation.

Liberty was the passion of Lafayette's life. He bought a plantation at Cayenne, in French Guiana, and sent out a superintendent to teach the slaves and gradually prepare them for freedom.

In 1787, France was reduced to a pitiable state. Oppression, crime, anarchy, and irreligion were seething together, and preparing to deluge the doomed nation with a burning, lava-like flood. Fresh from the purified air of the American Union, Lafayette saw the wrong on both sides. He placed himself as a barrier between the king and the people. While commander of the National Guard, he ordered the demolition of the Bastile. It was not easy to keep order in Paris during the restless days that preceded the grand and bloody outburst of the Revolution; but Lafayette's voice alone could control the mob. Had there been more like him in France, the guillotine would have found less work to do, and the murder of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette been averted. One cannot help thinking that his calmness in danger and his power of control over himself, as well as others, must have been learned from that friend whom he respected and loved above all others—our own Washington.

The tide was too strong for Lafayette. The Jacobins came into power, and he was forced to seek safety in exile. At Rochfort, he and his companions were stopped by some Austrian soldiers, and conveyed as prisoners to Namur. Austria and Prussia had sent an army into France, and though Lafayette was not satisfied with the government of the factious Jacobins, yet he had declared his readiness to defend his country against foreign invasion.

Dragged from prison to prison, he was at last allowed to rest at Olmutz. Here his wife and two daughters visited him. In 1794 Dr. Bollman, a physician of Hanover, and Mr. Hugar, a young American, succeeded in liberating him; but he was retaken. It was not until three years had passed that he was set free.

He retired to his estate of Lagrange, near Paris, and the rest of his life was peaceful and happy. He lived for the good of those around him; "all his moments were marked by good feelings or kind actions." On the 20th of May, 1834, Lafayette breathed his last. At the funeral, a laboring man endeavored to approach close to the bier. "Don't you see," said a guard, "that none but the family are admitted there?" "We all belong to his family," replied the man, "for he loved us all as his children." He was allowed to take a position near the corpse.

POETRY OF THE PEOPLE.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

If the fine poetic sentiments that now fall almost unheeded from the lips of the poor and unlearned were to be carefully collected, arranged, and bound in gilded volumes, what an added value would be given to our literature, and what undying fame to those who, by fortune's stern decree, are doomed to bear the serious ills of life.

"The best would not have happened, if the worst had not come," said the old Scotchwoman.

"They that labor for the dead, labor in vain," said an old washerwoman, as a little wreath was being twined for the coffin of a dead child.

And no author, gifted or learned, ever rivaled this sentiment of the old Irishwoman who, having applied to a lady for "a flower or two" to put in the hand of her dead infant, was handed a large bouquet, for which she offered payment, and when it was refused, exclaimed:

"May the Lord Jesus meet you at the gate of Heaven with a crown of roses!"

"Oh, many are the poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."
WORDSWORTH.

"ONLY."

BY R. D. L. E.

Only a broken vow!
What then?
The days will come and go;
Filling my soul with a sleepless pain,
Thawing my life, as the drizzling rain,
Melted the early snow.

Only a ruined hope!
Indeed?
Where tender mem'ries dwell;
Like mourners, come to a house of woe,
With the sweet, sweet "songs of long ago,"
Changed for a tolling bell.

Only a hopeless life!
Yet still,
It passeth mortal ken.
How I long for those sweet, tender ways,
And those dear, oh, those beautiful days
That cannot come again.

Only a broken heart!
Ah, me!
A broken heart: what then?
Why, a sleepless pain, a dull despair;
A wreck on the heaving ocean, where
A ship yet might have been.

MR. RANDALL'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY A. F. LESLIE.

Mr. and Mrs. John Randall were a well-matched couple. They had been married ten years, and had never had the least misunderstanding. Each was devoted to the other, and each did everything possible to promote the other's comfort and happiness. They had two children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively eight and five years; and these little ones came in for a large share of the love in which their parents were so rich.

Yes, they were rich in love, but nothing else. Mr. Randall was a bookkeeper in one of the principal houses in the city, but the firm he served could not find it to their interest to pay him a respectable salary. They kept him on seven hundred dollars a year, well knowing that, if he left them, some one else would be glad to get the place on the same terms. He knew this, too, and clung to his only means of support, scanty as it was, with a tenacity which those who do not experience such feelings cannot understand.

He had a hard struggle to maintain his respectability, but he maintained it bravely and uncomplainingly. He had a true and noble helpmate in his wife. She bore all their trials and cares unflinchingly, and went bravely to work to diminish them. By her rigid and systematic economy she made her husband's salary support them. It barely did this, and left no room for luxuries; but it was due entirely to her management. And, when her husband came home after a hard day's work, she had always a bright, cheerful smile for him, and a warm, loving kiss of welcome, so that he could not be unhappy where she was.

When he would sometimes fall into the blues when he saw the sacrifices she was making daily, and wish with bitter pain that he had it in his power to give her more, she would laugh, and, putting her face up to his, say, tenderly:

"Never mind, John; I have you and the children, and I can well afford to dispense with these things."

Then what could John Randall do but love her the more, and thank God that He had given him such a dear little wife.

It was getting on towards cold weather, and John Randall was sadly in need of an overcoat; but he could not afford to buy one. With the only spare money he had, he purchased a new dress and a nice, warm cloak for his wife. When she reproached him with not taking a part for himself, he hushed her with a kiss, and told her that he could bear the cold better than she could. But there were bright tears in her eyes as she looked at him.

"It was like you, John," she said; "but I don't see what you will do. The weather is growing cold, and you will need an overcoat."

"I shall use my old one," he said, smiling.

"But it is so much worn that it does not look decent."

"I shall be very comfortable, my dear. The coat, it is true, is scarcely a sufficient protection; but the thought that you are comfortable for the winter will make it perfectly weatherproof."

Mrs. Randall was silent, but, as she sat by her husband, her brain was busy, trying to devise some means by which he could procure an overcoat. She meant that he should have it, and that by Christmas.

She was a determined little woman, and when she set her mind upon accomplishing anything, she was very likely to succeed.

For a day or so she continued thinking over various plans, none of which gave satisfaction to her. At last she noticed in a daily paper an advertisement, offering employment to a good copyist.

"The very thing," she exclaimed. "I write a good hand, and write rapidly. I'll apply at once."

She had resolved from the first to say nothing to her husband about her plan, as she wished her present to be a surprise to him.

She set off at once to the place mentioned in the advertisement, full of hope and confidence. She was not successful. The copying had been given to another person. Disappointed, but not disheartened, she applied at several other places, but without success.

Thus a week passed away. Every disappointment only made her more determined. She had fully made up her mind to succeed in the attempt, and she would not be baffled.

At last she made application to Mr. White, a distinguished lawyer in the city. She told him her story frankly and freely, for his kind, gentle manner at once inspired her with confidence. He listened attentively, and his firm face grew soft and sympathizing as he heard her story, which she had refrained from relating to any one else. He offered to advance her the amount she needed; but, though she thanked him, she refused his offer, telling him that she preferred to earn it by degrees. He then gave her a large bundle of papers, and the stationery she needed for her task, and told her she would always find employment in his office when she needed it. She thanked him gratefully.

"Your husband ought to be a happy man, Mrs. Randall," he said, as she was leaving. "He has a wife whose value it is hard to appreciate."

The little wife blushed, and left the office, with a happy heart.

From that time she applied herself steadily; and often when John, at his desk, imagined her attending to some household affair, she was busy with the work that was to make them both so happy. She found plenty of time to devote to these labors, without trespassing upon her household duties; and the happiness with which she looked forward to her success made the task seem light.

Mr. White paid her liberally, and seemed to take a real interest in her efforts, so that, in less than two months' time, she not only had a new overcoat, but a new suit of clothes ready for her husband at Christmas, which was only ten or twelve days off.

All this time John was working steadily at his tread-mill life. His old overcoat was shabby and worn, and put his pride to a severe trial; but he bore it cheerfully, feeling happy in the knowledge that his little wife was well provided against the winter. He little dreamt how she was working for him.

At last Christmas morning came. John had worked very late the day before, and had come home worn out; so he slept late on that blessed morning. But the little wife was up betimes. The new clothes, overcoat and all, were carefully placed on the chair by John's bedside, where his old ones had been deposited the night before; and Mrs. Randall sat by, waiting to enjoy her husband's delight when he awoke.

At last John opened his eyes, and seeing the lateness of the hour, sprang up. The first sight that met his gaze was the contents of the chair. He stopped in astonishment, and stood gazing at the clothes in mute wonder.

"What does it mean?" he asked, slowly.

"It means that they are yours," said his wife, smiling through her happy tears.

Then she put her arms around him, and told him the whole story. And what did John Randall do but hold her close to his heart, and sob out his love for her?

Well, it was the happiest Christmas they had ever seen. The little wife was amply rewarded for all her trouble by the grateful love of her husband; and John thought no clothes were ever so fine or comfortable as those which constituted his present.

Nor was this the end of their happiness.

Towards dark there was a knock at the front door, and John ushered into the parlor a visitor, who was greeted by his wife as Mr. White.

When they were all seated, Mr. White turned to John, and said, "I could not deny myself the happiness of looking in upon you to-day, Mr. Randall. I have been in your wife's secret for some time; and my admiration for her conduct has caused me to endeavor to make her a suitable reward. I have come here to-day to say to you that I am authorized to offer you the position of head bookkeeper in the house of Messrs. Grantley & Co. Your salary will be fifteen hundred dollars a year, and your duties will commence from the 1st of January next."

Here we drop the curtain. John Randall's wife was fitly rewarded; and throughout the rest of her life (and she lived to a good old age), she continued the light of her husband's eyes.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 10.—AMONG MY NEIGHBORS.

I firmly believe that the pavement facing my window has become the favorite resort of my matronly neighbors. As the Boulevards, to the Parisian, are the most attractive and agreeable lounge for an idle hour, so has our retired street become the *scene de conversationne* of its female inhabitants. If, therefore, trifles of family history occasionally reach my ears, the fact arises from the freedom with which they impart to others (upon the pledge of secrecy—a mere matter of form,) all their troubles and anxieties, vexations and annoyances.

I have said nothing of blessings and enjoyments, because these seem to be such rarities in our street. I do not mean that my neighbors are always grumbling, far from it, but I do think these women, when they get together, as they do each morning pretty regularly, I do really think they make just a trifle more of petty grievances than necessity demands. I will not go so far as to say, that they purposely exagerate their domestic cares; but I fancy their domestic pleasures (and they must find many) are hidden in the background somewhere. Even upon the question of *dress* there is always a certain amount of vexation and disquietude. When, for instance, my next door neighbor exhibited her new summer silk, she regretted that the suit was ill-made, and its color just that shade which did not please her—any other would have been preferable—and she didn't know what to do in the matter of bonnets; and although every one praised the dress, and said how charming it would look, she shook her head dolefully, and thought she wouldn't wear it, after all.

Mrs. Jones will forgive me for remarking that she seems to be plagued with a large family, each individual member of which is a sad trouble to her, but the quietest child that ever was, should any any other person venture to complain. Mrs. Smith is informed that I sympathize with her sadness which arises from the fact that she has neither "chick nor child." I regret to hear that Mrs. Brown has boarders who eat her out of house and home, and I am sorry to learn that Mrs. Robinson is sorely perplexed, because she cannot get boarders at any price whatever. Mrs. Tomkins is blessed with a lord who seeks sweet consolation in the cup that inebriates, while her dear sister Jane has married a man who never thinks of spending an evening at home; "what with his societies,' and church meetings, and libraries, and temples, and singing classes, and chess nights, and visiting nights," she declares that she "sees nothing of him from one week's end to another." One would imagine that all of these good ladies were square pegs dropped into round holes; and yet, I don't believe they think one-quarter so much about their "troubles," as they say they do sometimes.

These daily matinees begin with the carrying out of the dust box, and the cleansing of the steps (which are rarigated daily by the junior members of the family of Mrs. Jones.) I sometimes think they are continued for a period that may endanger the neighborly good feeling that exists between them. Mrs. Brown "never thought it was dinner time" until one of her boarders turns the street corner. Mrs. Jones never thinks it possible that school time can be over when her junior offspring dutifully return to the maternal wing. Mrs. Robinson rushes up the side way to her abode to open the door to a boarder in perspective, but she returns to complete the conversation upon the discovery that the well-dressed applicant for admittance was merely an agent for sewing machines or for some genuine China tea company.

So much for the matinees; the evening entertainments upon our pavement, are restricted to a quiet gossip at the door, or an inquiry as to whether Nancy or John, or James, have been seen in the neighborhood lately. Sometimes the younger people take their turn, but this generally results in a pairing off, to other scenes and other shades, and there is then some mention of a "cutting up" next day.

It is nine o'clock in the morning, let us say. There are three hours yet off dinner time. The small Jones' have gone to school with unlearnt lessons, and in a perplexed state generally. Mrs. Brown has returned from market with the supplies. She says she hasn't "a moment to lose," but she remains on the street for two good hours, generally, after that slight demurrer. Mrs. Smith brings her parrot to the door for an airing—it perches gingerly upon her finger and swears and pecks at everybody within reach or hearing. Mrs. Robinson is nailing up a new card, announcing "Boarders," which is not true for she has not one. Mrs. Tomkins comes forth with many a weary sigh, and, dustpan in hand, soliloquizes upon the condition of Mr. T. last night. The several forces eagerly unite and with such reinforcement as may find it convenient to attend, social matters are discussed with alarming freedom.

There is a storm in the teacup this morning, evidently. Mrs. Jones has rushed forth in a strangely excited state. Her daughter, Sarah, has confessed to a strong partiality for the society of Mrs. Brown's son, John—said son John being quite a lady's man, and having, according to Mrs. Jones' belief, half a dozen young lady acquaintances. Mrs. Jones, determined to bring matters to a crisis, last night forbade her daughter Sarah's "ever speaking to the good-for-nothing creature more," and this morning, she requests Mrs. Brown to inform her immediately as to the "intentions" of that bad young man.

Mrs. Brown haughtily replies that she "don't suppose he has any;" whereat Mrs. Jones becomes still more enraged. Then some injudicious friend remarks that the young gentleman and lady have passed up the street together this very morning in close and earnest conversation; whereat Mrs. Brown supposes that her son is "good enough to talk to whomsoever he sees fit," and Mrs. Jones wouldn't "have her daughter associate with the son of a boarding-house keeper, no, not for all the world."

As this enrages Mrs. Brown also, and a quarrel seems imminent, Mrs. Jones takes wise refuge in hysterics; then coming slowly to, she declares that she would consent to anything that would secure her daughter's peace of mind, and even goes so far as to ask Mrs. Brown if she really thinks that her son John cares for the girl or not? Mrs. Brown evades the question by declaring that Sarah "seems to be an obedient child, and might, perhaps, make a good wife for somebody," but the toss of her head accompanying this remark is meant to convince the bystanders that her son John looks much higher, and can pick and choose where he pleases. Then follow loud dissertations upon the merits of both parties; but somehow, I fancy, the young people will settle between themselves, without troubling their elders to arrange the matter for them.

And I am right, for presently when the discussion is at its height again, and a quarrel seems almost unavoidable, the two interested parties are observed to be wending their way towards the scene of action. The two mothers now attack their offsprings, and jointly desire to know "what this means?" And Sarah blushes very much, and whispers "do tell, John; I dar'n't." Then John stammers out with considerable hardihood, just as if it was the simplest thing in the world:

"We're married—that's all."

"Married!" echoes Mrs. Jones, despairingly.

"What nonsense," says Mrs. Brown, "the idea of such a thing."

"Fact, mother," says young John Brown. "We didn't want any fuss about it, so we went quietly off this morning, and——"

"Here's the certificate, mother," says Sarah, triumphantly.

She looks quite pretty, I declare, and John Brown puts his arm around her waist and kisses her.

"Well, I always *did* say that I liked you, Sarah," says Mrs. Brown. "Come in, you're welcome to him. Only to think, though, that the boy I've raised couldn't confide in his own mother."

"You remember I told you last night, Sarah," says Mrs. Jones, "that if John really and truly meant anything——"

"Well, don't stand there," continues Mrs. Brown. "It's done now, and we must all make the best of it; and, Sarah, if you don't mind coming and helping me to get dinner ready——"

"Oh, dear, no," says Mrs. Jones; "nothing of the kind. Sarah isn't a going to slave for your boarders, if I have any voice in the matter. Sarah stops with me until your son John takes her away for good, that I insist upon."

"Well," returns Mrs. Brown, "you needn't be so particular."

But John (sly dog) settles the whole matter, by announcing the strange fact that he had been saving money this long time, and that he has rented and furnished a little home of their own, where both mothers will be welcome always. Then he takes Sarah into her mother's house, and the two elderly ladies shake hands, with tears in their eyes, and follow them. Then, after a time, Mrs. Brown goes in home to attend to her boarders' dinner; and Mrs. Jones volunteers herself to lend a hand, and both profess to be as happy as mortals can be, and the best friends in the world.

Sitting at my window again in the afternoon, I observe that the novelty of the affair has not yet worn away. There is such crossing and recrossing of the street as never was seen before. The young couple are happy, I do not doubt. They seem to be truly so, as they enter the street once more, and accompanied by their mothers and their mothers' friends, proceed to take possession of their new abode.

Mrs. Smith and her parrot are at the door. The parrot, enlivened by the circumstances, perhaps, shakes its sagacious head, and says "good-bye;" so here I will leave them with a "good-bye," too.

Usefulness to others is separated from usefulness to one's self, as dishonesty is from uncharitableness; both are united in self-love.

HOW SHE WON HIM.

BY FRANK HOLLIS.

Boggs was the name, and Bogga was a bachelor. Suspicious of all women, he naturally evaded their company, and now, at the age of forty, we find him standing before the mirror, heaping invectives upon his washwoman for bringing to him buttonless linen.

Boggs occupied a front room in a stylish brown front, for he was worth a good property, and, to tell the truth, more than one pair of bright eyes had tried to melt his selfish heart of its icy coldness, and at the very moment when he was abusing what he termed the sluggish propensities of womenkind in general, and his washwoman in particular, a charming little widow, engaged in the household duties of the mansion where Boggs domiciled, chanced to pass the door, and heard the following soliloquy:

"H'm! h'm! I wish all women were dead! They have no more respect for men than Brazilian monkeys!"

The little woman laughed outright, for well she knew of his sensitive peculiarities, but notwithstanding these little jolts of ill temper on Boggs' part, she had long striven to entice the "crusty old bach," as the girls called him, in a matrimonial snare.

"Blast them buttons! Confound that fool!" she could hear him ejaculate as the buttons dropped from his linen as fast as his brawny fingers touched them. "I always said women were fools, made up to tantalize a man's very life out of him, and every day that I live I can find more proof of my assertions. Marry! Ho! ho! *I* marry one of those stupid witches! And yet old Shellbottom had the impertinence to charge me with being smitten with that Widow Pinkin! Smitten! Bah! what nonsense! *I*, Jeremy Boggs, stoop from my dignified position in life to be a woman's slave! I *marry!* It's all stuff, and I am ashamed of myself to give it a thought!"

In this manner Boggs continued to soliloquize, while at the same time every word that escaped his lips fell on the ears of Widow Pinkin.

The widow was a clever-looking little woman, and, although she had reached her thirtieth year, she had lost none of the pristine beauty which so often caused envy, and perhaps jealousy, among her school companions. With a sweet face, of attractive demeanor, and large, round, blue eyes, sparkling with intelligence, Edith Goldwin Pinkin, though a widow, was still as worthy of a rich bachelor as any of the score of young girls who were striving to become Mrs. Jeremy Boggs.

"I have it!" she exclaimed, as she went tripping up the stairs to her own room. "I will fix a plan to win him if it is in the range of possibilities for a woman to soften his crude nature."

In a few moments Boggs was startled by a tap at his door. This was something unusual to him, as it was seldom that he was disturbed while in his room. The door was drawn slightly ajar, and if ever a blush covered his large, oval, brown face, it was at this moment, as there stood Widow Pinkin, her little velvet lips wreathed in one of her happiest smiles.

"Mr. Boggs," she faltered, tremulously, as her eyes met his, "you must excuse me for my forwardness; but I trust you will only consider it a woman's duty on my part to ask you if any of your linen requires repairs, and if so I would be happy to offer my services to render them comfortable."

Apple sass and spinage! How old Boggs' eyes did dance in their sockets at the melting words of Widow Pinkin!

"Ahem! ahem! Well—yes—let me see," and as Boggs managed to force this reply he looked like a person who would esteem it a blessing for the floor to sink beneath him and seclude him from the widow's gaze.

He felt sure in his own mind that his mutterings over his buttonless linen had reached the ears of the widow, and he trembled like an aspen-leaf as he stood spellbound striving to articulate—he knew not what.

The widow was quick to perceive his embarrassment, and with that womanly instinct which has often broken the ice over frozen muteness, and being determined to "strike while the iron was hot," she assured him that he might in no way be abashed, but be seated, and let her replace the buttons on his linen.

Poor Boggs! or, rather, happy Boggs! he was caught!

His mind was on something besides money all of that day, and those blue eyes and that winning voice appeared to haunt him at every step. "After all," he thought, "I may have been too harsh in my estimation of women."

Day by day his heart grew warmer toward the "sluggish propensities of women," and he was unusually agile in his step; in fact, old Bachelor Boggs was in love.

It soon came to be whispered that he and Widow Pinkin were engaged. In fact, it was the gossip of the entire neighborhood that *Mr.* Boggs and *Mrs.* Pinkin would soon be married.

What a sight of jealousy the simple, penniless widow did cause, and all by overhearing a bachelor's lamentations over a buttonless shirt.

As the days rolled by the couple were seen together frequently, and it was no longer the Widow Pinkin to Boggs, as he had learned to call her Edith.

Often he would take her soft, tiny hand in his own, and sit for hours on the ivy-clad verandah drinking in the depths of her inviting loveliness.

"Edith," he said one clear, starry night, as nothing but the notes of the whippoorwill disturbed their reverie, "allow me to call you my *darling Edith*, for it seems to me that each day I live there is something which binds me closer to you than I can conceive in friendship's name. Yes, my own *darling* Edith, I want to call you—my love—my *wife!*"

And this was Jeremy Bogga, the crusty old bachelor, who could coin such honied words for one whose sex he had so despised!

For a few moments all was silent; then, lifting her great lustrous eyes and turning them full in his face, she asked with a sweet accent:

"Jerry, do you think that you can always love me as you do now?"

"Always, and ever, darling!"

There was a momentary flutter of rustling lace, and Edith's head fell on the bachelor's bosom and her dimpled hand was clasped in his own.

Soon they were married, and Edith has had no occasion to regret her marriage with a bachelor. Her rivals were outwitted, but they never did know "how she won him."

THE UNTRUTHFUL PRINCESS.

BY F. H.

It would not be polite for the court-physician to say that the Crown Princess told horrible falsehoods. So when the King and Queen called him in to see if anything could be done for the Princess, he said:

"Your Majesties, I can tell you what is the matter, but to cure it is beyond my skill. The Princess intends to tell the truth—in fact, she is peculiarly honest and truthful—but she was born with a singular defect in the tongue, so that she always says quite the contrary of what she means. As your Majesties will see, I cannot cure such an imperfection as this. But I will tell your Majesties who can, and that is the great fairy doctor, who lives under the witch hazel."

The King and Queen were very well pleased to hear this, and took the Princess to see the fairy doctor.

"Can you cure her tongue?" they asked, both together.

"Oh yes," returned the doctor, with a smile that, somehow, made the Princess terribly afraid. "Go home, now, and you will find that she will be cured within a week."

"But, is there not something to be done?" asked the Queen.

"No; only go home, and you will see."

And, finding them still unwilling to go, the fairy doctor turned his back on them, and refused to speak another word. So they went home.

All the way home the Princess was unusually silent, for she had been badly frightened by this visit to the fairy doctor; but, on getting home, and finding herself very much as usual, she grew bolder, and being asked what she had seen, she answered:

"Seen?—why, wonderful things. We met a party of six white bears, who could talk, and I expect them every moment."

The King and Queen looked at each other; but, before they could make any remarks, six white bears entered the palace, and walked up to the Princess.

"We have come to dinner," said the biggest bear.

But the Princess was so frightened that she could not speak a word.

"We are hungry, too," said one of the other bears, while the rest growled, and looked ready to eat the Princess without salt or pepper.

"Tell them to be seated, and the cook to hasten dinner, or we shall all be eaten," whispered the Queen, trembling, to the Princess.

The Princess did as she was told, and the bears sat down to dinner. But such teeth and claws as they showed!

The courtiers shook with fear, while the bears made only a mouthful of a dinner for thirty men, and with angry growls demanded more. The cook, who expected to be torn in pieces, hurried for his life, and the Queen even went into the kitchen to help. The Lord High Fiddlestick and all the duchesses and ladies of honor were already there. Roasting, and boiling, and baking, and making biscuit, satin trains in the gravy, and lace flounces in the flour.

You never saw anything like it in your life—till there was nothing more to cook. And still the bears had not eaten enough.

"Oh, what shall we do? When will they go?" cried the Queen, in the kitchen, bursting into tears.

"When the Princess speaks the truth," roared the bears in the dining-room, so loud, that they were heard all over the palace.

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed the Princess; "I will speak the truth, good Mr. Bear. I never saw any bears, and never asked any one to dinner. There!"

In an instant the bears had disappeared, and the dinner stood on the table as if nothing had happened.

After this terrific dinner-party, the Princess was so careful of what she said, that the King and Queen really thought that she was cured.

But one day she forgot herself, as they were all talking of the wonderfully small places through which a human being could creep, and, tossing her head, said:

"That is nothing. I can stow myself away in the tea-kettle. I have done it many a time."

There was a shout of laughter; but, the moment that the Princess had said the words, she rose from her seat, and crawled into the spout of the tea-kettle.

The Queen screamed, and lifting up the cover, there, sure enough, was the Princess, tucked away in the kettle.

"Come out," cried the Queen.

"I can't," sobbed the Princess.

"But you crept in."

Then the Princess tried to get out, but it was of no use. Then the courtiers tried to pull her out, but that was of no use.

"At least," said the Princess, "take the kettle from the fire, before the water begins to boil."

Then they tried, but they could not budge it an inch.

The Princess screamed.

"Oh, I shall be boiled! I shall be boiled! Run for the doctor!"

Half a dozen men ran for the fairy doctor.

"Tell her, if she does not wish to be boiled, to speak the truth," answered the doctor.

Back came the men, not a moment too soon—the water was getting uncomfortably warm.

"What did he say?—oh, what did he say?" cried everybody.

"To speak the truth, if she does not want to be boiled," answered the messengers.

"Oh, it burns!—I was never inside a kettle before!" squealed the Princess.

And there she was, standing on the floor like the rest, and quite cured of her love for uttering falsehoods. She has never told an untruth since.

Be brave, be noble, be true, and you will pass through the coming years as through a white colonnade of monumental pillars.

To mingle the useful with the beautiful is the highest style of art. The one adds grace, the other value.

Time has delicate little waves; but the sharpest-cornered pebble, after all, becomes smooth and blunt therein at last.

THE CRIMSON SUIT.

A Fairy Story for Little Folks.

BY M. V. B.

Earl Botolf was old enough to go to Court; but his lordship was as poor as a mouse, and had no horse to ride or clothes to wear. In this perplexity, he walked out one night, thinking what on earth to do, and walked till he came to a shop, at the door of which stood a man.

"Would your lordship like a new suit?" asked the man. "We have got one that will fit you to a T."

"No," answered Botolf. "I have no money."

"That makes not the least difference," answered the man. "You can have anything that may please you in my shop, on one condition."

"And what is that?" asked Botolf.

"That you shall wear the clothes that you may select for a year and a day."

"That is easily done," said the Earl. And going into the shop, he selected a magnificent suit of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. On putting it on, he felt something rattle in his pocket, and took out a little ivory horse and twenty little ivory men. As soon as these touched the ground they began to grow, and the Earl found himself not only with a handsome new suit, but with a fine horse and twenty followers.

Of course, the first thing his lordship did was to go to Court, and the second was to fall in love with the King's daughter, and marry her in two months.

All this time Earl Botolf wore the crimson velvet suit, as he had promised; for though he had tried to find the shop again, he had never succeeded.

"So the least I can do is to keep my promise, and wear the clothes for a year and a day."

By-and-bye, however, his wife said to him: "My lord, why do you wear that crimson velvet suit? I am sick of seeing it."

The Earl made her some answer to divert her attention, but the Princess would talk about the suit. When she found that he paid no attention, she began to cry; then she pouted; then she cuffed.

To all this the Earl only said, "I have promised, and I must wear it."

"Fiddlestick!" cried the Princess. "Promised an old clothes man. So you care more for a tailor than you do for your wife."

And being now quite determined to have her own way, she went to her father to complain of her husband's unkindness.

"Be patient," said the King. "He cannot refuse me."

So the next day he sent the Lord High Fiddlestick with ten wagon-loads of splendid garments.

"The King begs you will accept all these garments," said the Lord High Fiddlestick, "and send him in return that crimson velvet suit that you have worn now for nearly a year."

"I am very sorry," replied the Earl; "but the promise that I made in poverty I will keep in prosperity. I cannot wear any other clothes."

The King flew into a passion when he heard this.

"We will see," said his majesty. And he ordered one of his officers to take the Earl to prison.

The Princess was very sorry for that; but the King was now so angry that he would not listen to her; and the Earl was shut up in the King's dungeon till the year and the day was quite past.

On this last day, as he lay on his straw bed, half asleep and half awake, he heard two mice talking together, and the one said to the other, "The year and a day is now past, and the wicked genii who wished to destroy Earl Botolf can no longer touch him; but if he had not so strictly kept his word, and at any time have taken off his crimson suit, which was enchanted, then he would have been destroyed at once. Do you see?"

"I see," answered the second mouse. And then they went back to their holes.

But Botolf sent for the King, and told him what he had heard, and how a year and a day had passed, and he might now wear all the colors of the rainbow, if he liked; whereupon this highly reasonable King took him out of prison, and no more was heard of the tiresome crimson suit.

"The Way to Conquer."—"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with his relentless teeth he worked backwards and forwards on its surface till they were all torn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer; "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way;" but at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked a small flame. But they despised the flame; but he curved gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart than can resist love.

"Joining in the Cry Without Knowing Why."—There was a disturbance in the kennel; a hound had had a bad dream, or a sudden twinge, and he began to bark; then eyes opened, heads rose, ears pricked up, and the chorus increased till every throat in the pack helped in it, except an old hound that lay at the end.

He watched and listened awhile, till his neighbor, noticing him, cried in great excitement, "*Why don't you bark?*"

"What are *you* barking at?" he asked in reply.

"At—at—I don't know; every one else is barking," said the other.

"Just what I suspected," said the old dog; "ask up the kennel what it is for, and if you can find out, and it's anything worth barking for, let me know; it'll be time enough for me to bark then."

Some minds magnify little objects and belittle great ones, as the telescope makes the planets larger and the fixed stars smaller.

Do the best you can, whatever you undertake; if you are only a street-sweeper, sweep your very best.

There is a chord of love running through all the sounds of creation, but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

IN DREAM-LAND.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

All the sweet night that is faded and gone,
From the blush of the eve till the break of the dawn,
In a garden of odor and blossom divine
We met, in a vision, oh, lover of mine!

Around us the midnight lay starry and lone,
With the breath of the sorrowful autumn o'erblown—
But love in our hearts bloomed, a beautiful May
That no wind of the autumn could wither away!

Softly the dream-beauty covered thy face,
As I leaned on thy breast in a thrilling embrace—
And my own bosom blushed like a dawn-tinted snow,
In the flame of the wild heart that trembled below.

Oh, the sweet light in thy sweetest of eyes!—
Oh, the sweet blisses, and kisses, and sighs—
And the red lips that blent like the hues of the wine,
In a rose-wreathed beaker of Bacchus divine.

The starlight has faded—the garden's o'erblown
With the wind of the sunrise, and I am alone—
But thy kisses are burned on my heart and my brain,
And I drink their wild rapture again and again.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

The Antelope sailed that night when the tide served, and was far out at sea when morning broke. Caspar Deane, going down into the hold to break out a water-cask, found a rough-looking man hiding among the casks, and dragged him out. It was Rodger Bates, who looked at him with a sly wink.

"All right, my son," he said. "Here stands the cowering culprit, and you'd better take me to the captain."

"Get up out of this," roared Deane, grasping the man by the collar of his coat. "I'll teach you to sneak."

Bates was dragged to the captain's cabin, and Deane reported where he had found him.

"Now, my man, what were you doing in the hold?" cried Dunlap.

"Hiding."

"Why did you hide?"

"Wanted a berth, you see."

"Is that the way you generally take to ship?"

"You see, they told me you were full, and wouldn't ship another hand, so I crawled aboard the schooner last night and hid."

"How did you get on deck without being seen?"

"Easy enough. Some one left a rope over the rail, and I got into the chains. After that the rest was easy."

"I don't like your looks at all, my man," said Dunlap, "but I am not going to turn back on your account, so I think that I will have you thrown overboard."

"Don't do that, cap. I am a sailor, if I do look rough, and I'll do good work for you, certain sure."

"But I don't want you."

"I'll bunk anywhere you say, cap. I'll sleep on the ballast, or anywhere, if will only let me stay."

"You can stay until we meet a ship which wants a hand. Remember, that when all hands are called, you are on the mainsheet. Away you go; or hold a moment. What is your name?"

"Robert Bayliss."

"An aristocratic name, indeed. You may take him to the forecastle, and give him a hunk. I don't believe the crew will associate with him."

"They tried that on me," said Deane, quietly, "but I cured them."

A thousand miles to the north went the Antelope; no sail in sight. Five hundred miles to the east, and they spoke a Dutch brig. "Yaw, Mein Herr," he had spoken the Dolphin in latitude —, longitude —. She had taken four sperm whales in one day, and was working at them when they passed. "Gooton tag, skipper."

The Dutch brig sailed on, and the Antelope headed to the southeast, to reach the spot where the Dolphin had last been seen, eight hundred miles away.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WHITE SHARK—CUTTING IN.

Dick Fenton had disappeared in the sea before the eyes of friend and foe alike.

Even the shark, that deadly enemy of the human race, that voracious man-eater, seemed to be puzzled, and swam wildly about, beating the water into a foam.

He had calculated upon making a feast upon the young sailor, and now he had gone down into the sea in a puzzling and annoying manner. Had cramp seized him, or had he been dragged down by some monstrous creature of the sea? Tatty knew that the "sea-cat" was not a creature of fiction, for he had seen cuttle-fish of gigantic size, large and strong enough to drag down the stoutest man, and they abounded in those seas. Luckily, they seldom rise to the surface, but lurk in the lower recesses of the sea, their saucer eyes looking out for prey.

Had one of these dread monsters seized upon Dick Fenton?

In times of danger a man thinks quickly. All this passed through the mind of Tatty as the lightning's flash, while he swam with all his might to reach the spot, hoping to attract the attention of the shark, which he did not fear in the least. A minute had passed, when he saw the shark leap suddenly from the water, as if in agony, and in a moment the sea was stained with blood, and the handsome head of Dick Fenton popped out of the water, several feet away.

He had played an old Carib trick which he had read of; for, diving beneath the fish, he had buried his knife in his vitals three times. Swimming under water was a feat in which Dick surpassed. As the shark turned upon his side, revealing the three ghastly stabs, the boat reached them, and Tatty, together with his young friend, were helped over the gunwale.

"Safe, my son!" cried Tatty. "Who taught you that trick?"

"I read about it, and thought it was my only chance. The bowie-knife for me, whatever you may say, for if I had not worn it where would I be now?"

They looked about them quickly now that they were safe. The flurry of the whale, which had caused all this destruction, was over; the giant form lay senseless and pulseless upon the water, the two harpoons and the long lance protruding from his back. Forsythe and his crew had "killed," and was already towing back toward the ship. The third mate had just lanced his whale, which had gone into the flurry, and the first whale, which the captain's boat had struck, was already dead. In half an hour the boats were towing back toward the ship, the last boat which came out dragging the body of the whale which we have last mentioned. It had been a rare day's work, a day to be marked with a white stone in the history of the Dolphin. Four whales taken in one day!

They had hard work before them now, and as it may interest my readers to know how this work is done I will tell it in few words. The ship could easily manage with two whales made fast, one upon each side, but with four it was different. The other two must be disposed of, but how? After reaching the ship, the first two whales were made fast upon either side, by strong chains let down under the whale and made fast. With a single whale when this is done it gives the ship a great "list," or, in other words, causes her to lean toward the whale; but now, with a sea monster upon either side, she rode on an even keel.

Now to secure the other whales. The Dolphin had two sets of spare topmasts and yards, in case any of her sticks were carried away in any manner. These were hoisted up and got into the water, where they were quickly formed into a huge raft, fastened together by means of chains, which were also passed about the bodies of the whales on either side, at the head, in the middle and through the flukes. The whole contrivance was then made fast to the mizzenmast by a strong cable, and their prizes were ready as soon as they had succeeded in "cutting in" the others.

"Cutting in" is the process by which the blubber is stripped from the body of the whale and hoisted aboard the ship. After the whale has been made fast, a platform is rigged and lowered over the side. The sailors descend with cutting spades, with their knife-like blades, with which they cut long strips of blubber from the exposed part of the whale. A strong "fall," or rope which has been passed through a block aloft, is lowered, and the hook at the end is forced into the end of the "blanket," as the strip of blubber is called, for, properly speaking, the blubber is the skin, not the flesh of the whale. The men on deck walk away with the fall, and the blanket is hoisted aboard, where it is cut into square blocks and packed in casks to wait for the tedious process of "trying out." The blubber is all on that part of the whale behind the dorsal fin, and when it is stripped off there remains only the ungainly head, one-third of the entire length of the Dolphin.

There is no blubber upon this; why do they not cast it adrift?

Because the head is the most precious part of the giant prey, and the wealth is not on it, but in it.

We will suppose this great head severed from the body, and suspended by chains. We see a great cistern, divided into eight or ten compartments, each of them filled with a pure, almost liquid mass; so thin, indeed, that it may be dipped up in buckets. This is *spermaceti*, the substance from which sperm candles are made, and which is of so much use in the manufacture of medicines. In each of the eight or ten cells in the head of the average cachalot, you will find from a cask to a cask and a half of pure spermaceti. It is dipped out in buckets, the seamen decending into the cavity as the reservoir lowers, so as to get up the last dipper full of the precious article.

The last blanket has been removed and yet they have not cast the body adrift. With the "right" whale, the body would have been given to the sharks as soon as the blubber had been stripped off. Indeed, the sharks have not waited for the gift, but are helping themselves vigorously, shoving their noses up close to the sailors who are working on the whale. They do not seem to have the slightest fear of them, and the seamen are equally incautious, only now and then, when they get too troublesome, a man will give a shark a rap on the nose, the most vulnerable part of this voracious fish.

Why is it that they do not fear the sharks, the known enemy of man?

Because the sharks are gorged with food now, and when they attack man it is for the reason that they are hungry. While cutting in a whale, a man might even fall into the water among them, with perfect safety.

The shark kills to satisfy his appetite, not from malice.

Forsythe has descended to the body of the whale, with a small basket in one hand and a spade in the other. He begins to dig into the flesh as in a garden, just behind the dorsal fin. Having made an opening, he thrusts in his hand and brings it out full of a rich green substance looking like mouldy cheese or marl, but with a beautiful odor. It is *ambergris*, the richest perfume known to commerce, and only found in the intestines of the whale, and then so rarely that it is worth more than its weight in gold.

Now we may loosen the chains and suffer the whale to float away, for the rest belongs to the sharks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A "STOVE" BOAT.

It was a long "job," stripping the blubber from four whales. Many of the whaling fleet passed them by, the mouths of their captains watering over the rich prize which the Dolphin had taken. Four hundred and fifteen casks of oil, forty-five casks of spermaceti, and fifteen hundred dollars worth of ambergris! It was a great haul, and it is no wonder that the officers and crew of the Dolphin were jubilant over the noble prize. Dick was the hero of the hour, for his had been the first eyes to note the distant spouts, and he had done good service in the boats. Dan Forsythe, who was not at heart a very bad man, began to hesitate. The boldness of the lad suited him, and he could not find it in him to do him any wrong, after his brave conduct. But the money! He wanted that much, and could hardly give it up. One thing he was determined upon, he would not harm the lad while they stayed on the fishing grounds, for he hoped that in the desperate life they led, a stroke from the flukes of a whale, or an accident aloft, might take the work out of his hands.

"And yet I don't know whether I should be glad or sorry," he muttered, to himself, "if the boy should go to-morrow. It would be rough on him, I allow that; for he has got a great future before him if he lives. Confound it, have I the right, for the sake of money, to conspire against such a life as his?"

He turned away fully determined to let the lad take his chance during this season's cruise, or at least until the ship turned her prow toward Honolulu, when the season closed. For his own sake, he dared not let him go back there, for the captain had written letters at Rio and sent them by the hand of a friend just sailing for Boston, and Dan knew that letters would be waiting at Honolulu from the friends of the boy, unless, indeed, Philip could get those letters. Little did he know that his own letter to Philip sent by a swifter ship than the one which carried the captain's letters, would never reach him.

The work of cutting in was completed, the last great head had thundered down into the depths of the sea, and the Dolphin went on her course, while the "try pots" were busy, trying out the blubber into "crude oil." For a week they sailed on over the trackless sea, and no whales were in sight. The captain, forgetting his good luck in the first day's fishing, began to grow impatient, and rarely left the deck in the daytime. The men lounged about after the trying out was completed, and carved whales teeth with the strange pictures which suit the sailor best, or smoked their pipes in the shadow of the foresail. The breeze was light and baffling, shifting to all points of the compass in twenty-four hours. Still no spouts were sighted, no one shouted from the tops or the forecastle, the cheering call:

"There, she blows."

"Confound the luck," grumbled Captain Manning, as he stamped about on the quarter deck, "I wish I was in the bread-fruit trade between the islands, or carried wood from the Connecticut coast to Martha's Vineyard. There I would not be more likely to get the dry rot than I am now. Confound and blast the luck. There's that boy! Why don't he sing out as he did before ——"

"There she blows! There she blows, blows, blows! There she blows!" cried Dick Fenton's voice from the foretop.

"May I never sup soup, if he hasn't hit 'em again," shouted the captain. "Good boy, Dick! whereaway do they lie?"

"Dead ahead, sir; a big school, too, heading to the north."

"Do you see any of the whaling fleet?"

"Two ships, hull down, northward of the school."

"Pack on everything, Forsythe; clear away the boats, and get ready for work. Dick, you'll be a captain, by thunder!"

The whales were so far distant that it would be foolish to lower the boats yet, and they held on for half an hour. The school turned suddenly and headed to the east, and, leaving the fourth mate in charge, the boats were lowered, and away they dashed toward the distant school. They had need of haste, for eight long white streaks could be seen gleaming on the water to the north, and they knew that their enemy in the other ships had lowered.

"A Johnny Bull and a Dutchman!" cried Forsythe, as he closed his glass, after a long look at the colors of the ships which lay on the distant horizon. "Men, do you hear that? A Dutchman is bad enough, but to be beat by a Johnny Bull that don't know the alphabet in whaling, would drive me raving crazy. Men that use "guns" to kill whales, and fire harpoons at them at long range! Think of that, boys! And they *poison* them, too, confound them. Jump, you sons of heroes, jump! spring, you ragged sons of noble sires, before I belt you over the heads with the oar. Go ye, go ye! break your backs, but pull—pull, if you spring something!"

Thus Forsythe, and in their several ways the officers of the various boats, cheered on their men. The ships came nearer, and the orange and black danced in the sun, and behind that the red cross of England. They had seen the coming Yankees, and they were working for their lives. Twelve boats, manned with strong rowers, their national animosity spurring them to wild exertions, leaped over the water. It was not such rivalry now, as that of the first day, when the boats came from the Dolphin. No. It was Holland, England, and America, struggling for the mastery. The short, sharp, Yankee bark, the hoarse British "hooray," and the guttural shout of the Hollanders, rose from the rival boats.

Shooting out, far in advance of all the rest, an English boat which had at least ten lengths start, was nearest to the school. The captain's boat came next, but it seemed impossible that they could overtake him, and the English captain, seated in the stern sheets, looked over his shoulder with a laugh. Tatty, also, glancing over his shoulder, saw that the English harpooner was within fifty feet of the whale *he* had chosen, and it drove him wild. His boat was a hundred and twenty feet away, when he grasped his harpoon, and sprang up, with the iron above his head. The English crew laughed, for they thought that he had taken this position in order to throw when he came within a few feet. But such an idea was not in his mind. He meant to make fast to the whale before the English harpooner could do anything to prevent him. But how would he do it?

A sharp whistling sound was heard, and something glanced in the air as it passed over their heads. Although full one hundred feet separated him from the whale, Tatty had hurled his harpoon. The harpooner of the English boat leaped to his feet with a perfect howl of fury, while the captain shook his fist at old Tom Manning, as he sat laughing in the stern sheets of his boat.

That nervous arm had done its work, and the long iron was buried in the body of the whale, as deep as a common man could have driven it at the usual distance. No need to say "stern all," now, for the whale was out of sight, far down in the deep blue sea, and the strong islander stood like a statue, his strong arm still elevated above his head, like a gigantic statue, while the savage yell which burst from his lips told that the old island blood had again obtained the mastery. The desperate act, dangerous both to themselves and the English boat, had succeeded, and the whale was theirs.

Forsythe had struck his whale as usual, and the second mate was racing sharply with a Dutch boat, which had singled out the same whale which he chose for attack. Both irons were planted in the whale's blubber at the same moment, and neither could justly claim the whale if he should be killed. At this moment came an event sometimes seen in sperm whaling, which no man can avert or guard against. Three great whales, blowing furiously, turned back to attack the boats.

Three giants, let loose upon a nation of Lilliputians!

Lashing the water into foam as they came down, three gigantic columns of water rising from the single blowhole, their flukes working in the water like the screws of steamers, they rushed at the boats of the Hollander and Weston.

"Cut!" cried Weston.

A hatchet fell upon the line which held them to the whale, which had sounded, and the men pulled back like madmen, for one of the giants was very near. Out of Scylla and into Charybdis they went, for not far away came a huge whale, pursued by the English captain's boat. He caught sight of the Weston boat lying in his track, and they backed into his very jaws, which opened to receive them.

"Save yourselves!" shouted the mate. "Overboard, every man of you, or it will be the worse for you!"

They sprang for their lives, just as the huge teeth closed upon the bow of their boat, grinding it to powder. The men plunged beneath the surface, and swam as far as they could under water, to be out of the turmoil. Weston and Dick rose side by side, and swam steadily toward the ship, which was heading up toward them under easy sail. It was boys' play for them to keep afloat and watch the swift coming Dolphin, with her sharp prow, bearing the carved figure of the whale, hissing through the water.

"It's my cussid luck, Dick," said Weston. "Now, look here. I never lost a whale until this trip, and I would'nt now, if we had not taken Jonah aboard. Are they lowering a boat on the Dolphin?"

"Yes; here she comes."

A boat shot out from the side of the ship, and in a short time the unlucky Weston and his crew were picked up and taken to the ship, the mate growling and cursing "Jonah" heartily. The captain and Forsythe each killed their whale, and again the trypots were busy on the Dolphin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DICK'S FIRST HARPOON.

Two months passed swiftly in the battle with the giants of the deep.

They had wonderful success, far beyond anything which had fallen to the lot of any whaler on the fishing ground, and were so nearly "full" that the captain said he only wanted one more haul to send him to Honolulu.

Some changes had taken place in those three months. Dick, boy as he was, had won the place of harpooner in the second mate's boat, since Pete had been disabled by an awkward blow from a whale's flukes after he had struck it. Dick, the best oarsman in the boat, and the best liked by all, received the vacant place by acclamation. At first the captain objected strongly against placing the boy in such a dangerous position, but he insisted upon it as his right, and the captain was forced to yield.

In all their devious cruising they had not yet met the Antelope. Fate seemed to oppose their meeting, although the schooner still strayed in devious fashion about the sea in search for the Dolphin.

For the first time Dick was to take the harpoon in his hand for the purpose of striking a whale, and he was a little nervous.

He knew that he was brave and strong, and understood the *theory* well; but could he practise it? Could he send his iron deep enough in the vitals of the whale to hold him?

He went over every inch of his line, day after day, before they sighted whales, so as to be perfect. He talked with Tatty, who bragged over his young *protege*, and told of the wonders which his arm would accomplish before the voyage was up. The strong heart of the boy grew stronger at the faith of his queer friend.

Dan Forsythe had urged the captain to give the boy the vacant harpooner's berth, for he began to fear that he must again turn his hand against his life, and he did not wish to do it. In short, he feared that this boy was destined to conquer him in the end, and he did not know whether he was glad or sorry. But, if a whale should do the work, he would not be to blame, and he waited anxiously for spouts.

The call came at last, on a sunny morning, when the Dolphin was quite alone, and the four boats crept away from the side of the ship, paddling swiftly, but silently, toward the school.

"Now take care, Dick," said Weston. "You have your reputation to make, and I wouldn't have you fail, now that I've bragged on you. If you use the harpoon half as well as you do the paddle and the oar, we shall do well. There she breaches. Oh, lovely, lovely sight! There she blows! There she breaches! Oh, boys, it is beautiful, this whaling after sperm. Keep her moving, boys, and hold your strength for the last burst. I've got over my bad luck, boys; we kill now, every time, and at first I thought fortune was against me. Soundings!"

The whales had gone down into the sea, and the oars were shipped, ready for the rush. Dick felt the wild tingling through every vein which had moved him at times when waiting for the starter's pistol in a boat race. His grip on the oar tightened as the minutes passed by and he saw the mate knock the ashes from his pipe and close his watch with a snap.

"Eyes in the boat now, my lovely flowers; my sweet-scented cherubs, list to my song. You like Dick, boys, and you like me. Then, if you love us, prove it by your deeds. Who among you will not break his back to-day if I ask him to do it? Who is there so base that would not strain something? There she breaches! Jump!"

Dick lashed his oar through the water with the might of a giant, and the men answered nobly to his call. Even Tatty, straining every nerve in the captain's boat, found his equal now. Those trained and seasoned oars, Sam Tully and Congo Ned, were left behind, although they worked as they never worked before, and Tatty and Dick, for the first time rivals, dashed on together. Captain Manning almost forgot his own work as he saw Dick rush on, ably backed by his gallant crew.

"Let out a link, Tatty," whispered the captain.

"I've let out all I can," replied Tatty. "You see what training does when such a boy can hold an oar against me. Don't let us beat him, captain; I'd rather not."

"He's your pet, I know," said the captain. "All right; take the next whale."

The captain's boat headed a little to the right, still racing sharply with Dick. There was a wild flash in the young harpooner's eye, and a glutinous moisture on his lips, as he pulled. Every stroke was perfect; he seemed to be practising before a watch. His handsome face glowed with health, and as yet the terrible strain had not made him draw a quick breath. No need of that, when he could pull a four-mile race at his best speed, and come in as fresh as a daisy, when other men fainted from the strain upon their physical powers. Nearer and nearer they came to the flying whales, while the words of honied entreaty dropped from the lips of Weston, urging them to pull.

Dick was waiting for the word. He knew that the whale was not far off, but he would not turn his head, or allow one of his men to do so. He watched the face of the mate and saw that it was hopeful and bright, and that was enough for him. He no longer saw the other boats nor the ship; it seemed to him that he was alone, with one object in view, to reach that whale and strike.

"Spring!" whispered the mate. "Spring, spring, lively, lively, spring. Hang on like grim death, and we win this heat. Pull, if you start everything. Draw her out of the water with your oars, but pull. For love, honor, and liberty, Gentleman Dick. I would not speak of filthy lucre to one like you, but start her for your honor. Take care, now. Stand up, harpoon!"

At that word, for which he had waited so long and anxiously, up sprang Dick Fenton, and planted his foot upon the cleat. Under his forefoot, as it seemed, lay the father of all sperm whales, a great, wrinkled giant, larger than any one which Dick had seen during the cruise. "Moby Dick" himself, that giant cetacean, before whose prowess ships, boats and men went down. Moby Dick, the giant white whale of the North Pacific; Moby Dick was not more of a patriarch than this giant, which lay under the harpoon of the young sailor. His hide was of a grayish black, encrusted with barnacles and other parasites, which can be found upon the bodies of most old whales, where they are as firmly fixed as on a rock. Over such a giant as this, for the first time, Dick Fenton raised his harpoon.

It was an hour to be marked with a white stone, and never to be forgotten. He had waited for this hour through all the months of his voyaging, and it had come at last.

The bright steel glistened in his hand as he raised it above his head, and his eyes were fixed upon the point where Tatty had so often told him to sink the harpoon. Every muscle seemed to turn to steel, so rigid did it become in the moment during which he poised the broad barb.

"Give it to him!"

A beam of light flashed from his hand and he dropped into his place in the bow of the boat, which shot back to a safe distance. Dick, looking over his shoulder, saw the broad flukes in the air, as the giant headed down into the sea, and as he looked he was satisfied.

He had done his work, for there, firmly fixed in the back of the whale, driven as deep as any harpooner could have done it, stood out eight inches of the shaft of the harpoon.

"Well done, Dick," cried the mate. "I'll back you against the world now, for no man could do better. You can go home and say that you have done what few gentlemen have done, harpooned the biggest whale I ever saw in the North Pacific. Take a rest, lads; he's a big 'un, and will stay under half an hour."

The sperm whale has been known to sound for over an hour; but in most cases, the duration of his stay depends upon the manner in which the harpoon has been planted. Sometimes he is sulky, and lies far down in the sea, refusing to move his giant bulk, even when they drag at the line above, although this generally has the effect of making him rise to the surface. In this case the whale had been hit hard, but, sulkily ferocious, he remained beneath the surface, full of impotent fury.

"He is rising," said the mate. "Change places, Dick."

They passed each other in the centre of the boat, and Dick began to coil away the line as the whale rose, and the moment the gray back appeared, Weston sent his lance into it, bearing the weight of his body upon it. The boat flew back hastily, and it was well they did so, for the fury of the monster was beyond description. He dashed here and there, dragging the boat after him, and seemed to be searching for them.

"He acts like a fool," said Mr. Weston. "If he wants to chaw us up, why don't he make a rush at us?"

For ten minutes the whale kept up this exercise, and then settled again, and the boat once more approached him, and the mate again planted the lance in his side, behind the dorsal fin. The huge mass again started, the boat receded as before, and waited for his fury to subside.

"He dies hard," said the mate, as the whale was seen dashing madly to and fro, "but why he don't come at us I can't tell."

"I think I can tell you," said Dick, who had been looking closely at the whale, and had noticed something which the others had not noticed.

"And what is that?"

"He is blind, and for that reason it is hard for him to find us."

"Blind!"

It was true; the giant whale was blinded, but how?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOSSIP.—We condemn gossip—scandal's twin sister—yet it is a fault easily committed. We begin by a gentle deprecatory reference to somebody's infirmity of temper, and we find ourselves specifying a particular time and scene, which straightway the one who hears tells again to some one else with additions, slight, perhaps, but material. Before we know it we have stirred up a hornet's nest. This may be done without any more potent motive than a mere love of fun, and half the gossip in the social world is of the unthinking kind, indulged in merely from a spirit of drollery. Far worse is that other sort of talk which ends in slander and begins in malice, and which separates friends and sunders the ties of years of intercourse with its sharp and jarring discords. The only way to avoid this evil is to refrain from making the affairs of our friends a staple article of conversation in the household. There are plenty of subjects at hand—let us avoid personalities.

THEY who would rule safely, must rule with love, not arms.

FACETIÆ

LOW PEOPLE—Dwarfs.

HUB-BUB—A Boston boy.

A GREEN grocer. One who trusts.

MONTANA is short of women now.

IGNORANCE is the wet nurse of prejudice.

WHICH times are the best? Meal times.

ONE bad thing about gold. Not having it.

ONE way to get a roaring trade is to buy a menagerie.

A FRIEND that sticks in prosperity and adversity—Mucilage.

THE best way to rise in a lady's estimation is not by stares.

STANDING on the dentist's doorstep will often cure toothache.

A MAN cannot expect a half a loaf when he loafs all of the time.

WHEN is money damp? When it is dew in the morning and mist at night.

"DID anything about the defendant strike your eye as remarkable?" asked a New York judge of the plaintiff in a case of assault and battery.

"It did, yer honor."

"And what was it?" continued the judge.

"His fist, yer honor."

A SUCCESSFUL CONUNDRUM.—"John has never given you a ring," said Katie's sister to her one day. John was Katie's lover.

"Never," said Katie, with a regretful shake of the head.

"And he never will until you ask him for it," returned the sister.

"Then I fear I shall never get one," was the reply.

"Of course you never will. John is too stupid to think of such things, and you can never pluck up courage enough to ask for one; it follows that you'll never get one."

This set Katie to thinking, and to what purpose we shall see.

That evening her lover came to see her. He was very proud and happy, for the beautiful girl by his side had been for several weeks pledged to marry him as soon as the business could be properly done, and John was a grand good fellow, too, notwithstanding his obliviousness to certain polite manners.

"John," said Kate, at length, looking up with an innocent smile, "do you know what a conundrum is?"

"Why, it's a puzzle—a riddle," answered John.

"Do you think you could ask me one I could not guess?"

"I don't know. I have never thought of such things. Could you ask me one?"

"I could try."

"Well, try, Katie."

"Then answer this—why is the letter D like a ring?"

John puzzled his brain over the problem for a long time, but was finally forced to give it up.

"I don't know, Katie. Why is it?"

"Because," replied the maiden, with a very soft blush creeping up to her temples, "we cannot be wed without it."

In less than a week from that day Katie had her engagement ring.

OUR OWN SPHINX

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1.

1. A consonant. 2. To decay. 3. A sweetmeat. 4. A capital of one of the United States. 5. A color. 6. Anger. 7. A consonant. Centrals form a capital of one of the United States.

LITTLE ONE.

2.

1. Consonant. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. An empire. 4. An insect. 5. A vowel. Centrals form an empire.

A CENTRAL PUZZLE.

1. An animal. 2. A piece of ground. 3. Anger. 4. I partook of food. 5. Color. 6. Advanced life. 7. A sort of preserve. 8. A sort of liquor. All the above are words of three letters, and the centrals form a rich country.

LITTLE ONE.

LOGOGRIPHS.

1.

What word is that implies much sorrow,
Despair and gloom, no joyful morrow?
Clouds now surround our way.
Add but one letter; thus arranged,
To sunshine all the gloom is changed;
Love flings its brightest ray.
Yes, pain to pleasure now gives place,
And fondest smiles light up the face.

B. A. I.

2.

My whole it is to join together—
It's but a simple riddle;
For while you always lead the way,
I am always in the middle.

W. TYRRELL.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is it better to have friends than to want them?

2. Why is China a desirable country for a lady to select a husband in?

3. What sweetens the cup of life, yet divested of its end, embitters a grateful draught?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 23.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 17, Vol. 54.

ENIGMAS.—1. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. 2. Sovereign. 3. Fashion.

SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.
ETNA	JOHN
TUAM	OHIO
NAME	HISS
AMEN	NOSE

3.	4.
BATH	ISIS
AGRA	SIDE
TRIM	IDEA
HAME	SEAT

CHARADE.—Cork-screw.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because it covers the belle. 2. Warren wrote "Now and Then;" Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning;" Dickens wrote "All the Year Round." 3. Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

ASPIRE!

BY E. JENNINS.

Press on, with purpose pure,
Nor cast one look behind:
Ambitious still to store thy mind
With truthful love that shall endure.
There's not a height by man yet gain'd,
But shows another height to win:
There's not a truth by man maintain'd,
But bears some greater truth within.

Oh, seek the good and great!
Man's mission on the earth
Is progress, ever, from his birth;
Nor should he e'er in zeal abate.
Oh, who would, tamely lingering, see
Such boundless prospects for the mind,
And, clinging to mortality,
In guilty sloth be left behind?

Aspire to better deeds!
With hope and love entwined,
Let emulation fill your mind,
And ever haste when duty leads.
Man's holy mind, if trained aright,
To such a height of good would grow,
That spirits pure and angels bright,
Might mingle with us here below.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SOME OLD CHARACTERS UNDER NEW SURROUNDINGS, AND HOW THEY BECOME THEM.

The face of the city seems alone to have defied Time in the years that are gone. Shaming the artifices of human nature, her new dresses of paint and varnish become her well, and in many portions she is newer than before.

The old house "Through the alley," as Walter had located it, may have put on a heavier coating of her dingy dust-garb; but it stands just as it was wont to do, until you would hardly observe its additional shabbiness as you pass up the rotten stairway. An old woman, more shrunken and bent and hideous, if possible, than ever, sits in an old arm chair, and mouths unintelligible jargon of "Caspar" and "Ed'rd," indifferently to the strangers about her, or the unresponsive solitude. Mrs. Blount wears widows' weeds, with the melancholy conviction that she is not a widow after all. And Jerry has grown to be a bearded man; but the accumulation of responsibilities have not improved him, for petty larcenies have given place to felonies, and the consciousness of being ever a fugitive from justice has not lent a more pleasing expression to his countenance.

Ned has, indeed, been the first to leave his prison, but it was feet foremost. And Caspar Lenox serves on his time, his dark hair becoming interwoven with gray, his visage sterner and harder than ever. And through all the labor imposed upon him, and which he executes with a deft and willing hand, he wears a morosely thoughtful loook, and the aspirations of his life seem narrowed into one fixed purpose. But of that we will speak anon.

Just as it appeared when little Evelyn was brought home by Nina DaCosta, stood the establishment of "Danvers & Leslie" to-day. Not one hour older seemed the building with the marble front and the heavy plate glass windows. And looking in, you beheld as you might think, the self same heaps upon heaps of goods, the same well-dressed automatic clerks, and as it appeared, the same bright hues in the carpet upon the floor.

Glancing into the half counting-room, half boudoir, belonging, or rather appropriated to the heads of the firm, you would find Rochester Leslie absent this morning, while Philip Danvers occupied the red morocco chair before the fire. He was alone, and on observing him more closely, you would find that his head also had been bleached whiter than of yore, and that the furrows of thought and care had deepened on his fine old face, for the beginning of this man's life had been a stormy and eventful one, and there were still memories, linked with some dark sorrows that had grown more and more oppressive as the years rolled by, and the high aspirations of his proud heart had become circumscribed by age and infirmities.

Poor Eugene, had likewise been relieved of the burden of life, but the manner of his release had been painful, almost beyond endurance to the aged couple, left all alone in their grief. Sitting in a club-room one night, he had listened to two men engaged in an angry discussion until they drew fire-arms upon each other, when rushing in to separate them, he had received the two balls in his own body, one of them having passed through his lungs, and he was taken home in a dying condition.

"Take me to her old room," he whispered to his mother, when they brought him in. "We have never entered it, you know, since she was taken away, and I wish to die there. You will bury me beside her. And, father, be kind to Cecil, for my sake."

It was the first time they had ever directly mentioned Miriam to each other since her death. Having persistently refused to hear one word that could criminate her, Eugene died, as he had lived, in utter ignorance of her guilt.

"It is far better so," he had said to the broken-hearted old man who sat sobbing by his side. "You don't know how long and how anxiously I have prayed for this, father. Life has been the weariest of burdens to me. Only promise me to be very patient with Cecil."

Thus Eugene had passed from life unto death, interceding for the child of the woman who had blighted all the fair promise of his own early manhood, and the aged couple had dwelt alone in their princely home, uncheered by the presence of youth, until within the past year. Miss Violet Lowe, a haughty young beauty of eighteen, proud of her lineage, but poor in purse—a great neice of the present Mrs. Danvers, had come over from England to be adopted by them, and to inherit their fortune.

He was pleased with the selection he had made from this far-off branch of their house, for Philip Danvers, even now, still had an eye to the picturesque and beautiful, and this young lady elicits marked attention wherever she goes. But she is insolent, with all, and has never humbled herself, even to him, though she knows that a million of money hangs on the scale of favor in which he may weigh her.

Does she think that the light of her face, and the sound of her voice is worth it? She is uniformly polite, but she has never yet met him, at gate or door, with a single caress, as so mere a child might have done. And though piqued and resentful, he yet admires her for not assuming a regard which she has not yet learned to feel.

Thinking of her, Mr. Danvers took up a silver bell at his elbow, and rang it sharply.

A tall young man—very young he seemed, with dark curls clustering over his head, a delicate, handsome, and clear large eyes, soft as a woman's looked in at the door.

"Come in, St. Julian." The face of the young man softened yet more, as he walked reverentially up to the gentleman.

"Take a seat, there before me," said Mr. Danvers, turning slowly towards him. "We must have a talk with each other. I wish to understand you fully, ere the subject upon which I have spoken to you before is dropped between us. You thought, at our last interview that you must decline the service you could do us in India. Speak to me unreservedly, St. Julian; the matter must be settled to-day."

"My mother will not hear of it, sir," said the young man, in a rich, musical tone, "and you yourself have assured me that my first duty is to her. To take her to India in her present state of health, and I am sure that the unaccountable as well as physical nervousness of which we have spoken increases each day, would be in effect to murder her, and my going without her would be equally so. Yes, sir, anxious as I am to repay you for all your kindness to me, and, above all, to her, I must decline."

"I commend your decision," replied Mr. Danvers, slowly, while fastening his eyes upon the young man with a strangely searching glance. "So, it is evident that some one else must fill the still vacant post. Has Cecil Dupre been at his desk to-day?"

"I think not, sir. Indeed, I am sure not, for Mr. Vance, the cashier, has just been looking for him."

"The idle young scapegrace! Patience ceases to be a virtue when dealing with him. What Rochester Leslie can mean by allowing his daughter—— But that is no business of mine. Did Vance communicate to you the painful discovery he has made?"

The young man's face flushed to a deep scarlet, and as suddenly became pale again.

"Yes, sir," he answered, rather nervously, "he informed me that he had your instructions for doing so. He—he told me last night, and I have been thinking of it ever since. I can't see how the money could have been taken. Has John Hanscroft been over the figures?"

"Yes, but I would as soon trust Vance's head in an affair of this kind as that of Charles Davies or Bourdon. He cautioned you also, from me, that you were not to breathe one word of the matter, especially to Dupre or to Walter Ward?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, coloring again under the continued gaze of his employer, "and I have, of course, obeyed his and your instructions. Speaking of Mr. Dupre, he suggested to me that Walter Ward be named for this post in India."

"Considerate of Cecil, truly," answered Mr. Danvers, with a wave of the hand, as though he would put the individual in question apart from the discussion. "Has Ward himself been spoken to?"

"I heard him tell Mr. Vance, sir, that nothing would gratify him more than to be selected by Mr. Leslie and yourself."

"Very well. You can return to your post, and send the young man in."

The person he had been addressing retired with a bow, and closed the door behind him.

"He colored strangely," mused Mr. Danvers, with a heavy frown; "is it possible that St. Julian Manning can be the guilty party, after all the tears and prayers of his excellent mother, from whom I have striven in vain to learn something of the father's mysterious history? I cannot lose sight of the deep and painful interest with which he has inspired me from early childhood. Yet he or the other must be the thief. Come in, Mr. Ward."

The door had opened again, and a second young man, something taller than the first, broad-shouldered and faultlessly shapely in symmetry, with a full, fine face, and large, dark, brilliant eyes, and perhaps in the cut of the features, perhaps in the expression, puzzlingly like the other, advanced with a bolder step, and stood at Mr. Danvers' side.

"Mr. Ward," began that gentleman, in a more formal tone, "St. Julian Manning has just mentioned that in the discussion as to which of our most trusted young men it would be best to send to Calcutta, you yourself, if such a selection should be made, might not be unwilling to go there in consideration of the advantages that might accrue to you."

"If I can have the confidence of this house, sir, and be assured that the interests of *that* may be enhanced by my exertions, in abeyance of all selfish considerations I should earnestly solicit the appointment," he replied, in a steady, unwavering tone.

"Then I may tell you that Mr. Leslie has made the suggestion more than once, and that it now meets with my approval. I have a note from him, requesting that you call at his house, at one o'clock to-day, as he is still too much indisposed to be here; and that you bring the cash book of which you spoke to Mr. Vance, with you. Now for a single question before you go. Are you still laboring under the rather odd impression that some one has been tampering with your figures?" And the same searching glance was fastened upon him, that had been bestowed upon his predecessor, but this time without result; for the clear, resolute eyes looked with the same unflinching expression back at Mr. Danvers.

"I *know* it, sir. I wish you would command the cashier to compare notes with me at once."

"Our advices from India keep him rather busy at present. Attend to your safe, and the results cannot be affected for good or bad in the next few days; at the expiration of which time I promise you the matter shall be further investigated. But what possessed you with the idea in the beginning?"

"A positive recollection that the result of my computation was different."

"The best of memories—like the best of friends—will betray us sometimes," said Mr. Danvers. "They are not to be trusted too implicitly. Your book squares with your cash box?"

"And for that very reason, I am the more convinced," returned the young man, earnestly. "There are evident marks of an eraser, as Mr. Vance agrees; and the figures, though very like, are *not* mine."

"The erasers are put for your legitimate use, you know, in case of any accidental entry, of which the best accountants are sometimes guilty," replied Mr. Danvers, looking down at the rug for a moment, as though he would question that, too. "The figures, you admit, are like your own."

"Yes, sir; but I could *swear* they are not mine."

"Yet you and St. Julian Manning alone have access to the desk. Do you think he could have done it?"

"By no means. What could he attempt such a thing for?"

"I can't say, I am sure," replied Mr. Danvers. "There must be some mistake. Would he, or anyone else, swear that the figures are not yours?"

"Manning is inclined to think they are mine," responded the young man; "and Mr. Vance is of the same opinion, but I am positive that they are mistaken."

"It is a matter of no great consequence, and it may be readily investigated, now that you have called our attention to it," said Mr. Danvers, as he reached a massive gold pen with a sparkling jewel on the summit, from the standish. "But it will be late ere you reach Mr. Leslie's house, unless you should choose a cab. Will you oblige me by looking in, when you are quite ready, for this card?"

"With pleasure. I shall walk up, and will go at once for my hat and book."

"One other request then, Mr. Ward. Will you be so good as to put the ledger under your cape, so as not to attract the attention of the clerks in the house?"

The young man's eyes were again raised in some surprise to his employer's face, but Mr. Danvers was writing, and he bowed and withdrew.

Passing a few moments later he looked in, and the gentleman again beckoned him to his side. "Give this note to Mr. Leslie. It empowers him to invest you with any authority he may deem advisable."

Walter Ward expressed his thanks in a few brief, manly words, and went out again, past the desk of the cashier, who turned as he went by, and favored him with an unusual degree of observation; passed the well-dressed clerks who smiled at him with more conventional indifference; passed the inspectors of splendid heaps of goods, who neither looked or smiled at all, into the bustling street.

Well formed, well dressed and erect, his handsome face indicative of intelligence and thought beyond his years—with a far-reaching shadow of subdued memories in his large lustrous eyes, he moved on, apparently unconscious of his surroundings; while blushing young ladies glanced up at him from the corners of drooping lids, and "wondered who he was?" as he passed.

Miss Violet Lowe dropped her Brussels covered parasol, as she got out of her carriage at Mr. Danvers' door, and Walter picking it up presented it to her, with a graceful bow. Her "thank you" came only after she had languidly lifted her silken lashes and looked at him, but too late for his ear as he had moved on.

"I fancied it might be this very troublesome St. Julian Manning, and desired to punish him for the tiresome habit he has of never being out of the way," she murmured. "I don't think I should have disliked him, if I had not seen from the first, how deliberately this Danvers' relative of mine has planned the little arrangement—as though I should take to all his pets, cats, dogs, women and men, because he wills it," and her silken train swept the dust from the walk as she went in.

Did she dream that the handsome young man she had looked at approvingly just now, had a beggar's meal once grudgingly given him by the Danvers' cook? Does the intelligent reader recognize the barbarous, forlorn and nameless outcast "Walter," of our earlier pages, in Walter Ward, the self-possessed, attractive *protege* of Rochester Leslie? And yet it is he.

Few greater changes have the ten years wrought than here.

Perhaps some such thought as this was passing through the mind of the well-dressed young lady with the pure Guido face, who stood for a few brief moments upon the portico of her house, and espied him as he reached the gate, while conversing rather prosily with Mr. Cecil Dupre, who stood at her side, and seeming not at all afraid of exhibiting her complexion in the light of day.

Was it the sight of the playing fountains, with their swans and sentinel statuettes, that flushed the young man's face so suddenly and caused his strong white hand to tremble as he opened the iron gate? Or was some old chord of memory touched by the sound of the plashing water? Whatever it might be, he recovered himself quickly, however, and his clear eyes threw their whole unabashed light upon the young lady's face, as he ascended the steps.

"Miss Leslie, good morning. Mr. Dupre, we have not met before, I think, to-day." He moved easily to the bell and rang for admittance. While doing so, he turned again. "Miss Evelyn, I have had the honor to be summoned to your father's side to-day. Let me hope that I shall find him much improved in health."

"Thank you, Walter," replied the young lady, cordially. "Papa is a great deal better—nearly well, in fact. You will find him in his library to-day."

A servant in livery appearing just then, Walter was about to follow, down the long hall adorned with paintings and bronze statues, when a thought seemed to strike him, and he turned a second time on the threshold.

"Mr. Dupre, Mr. Danvers bade me say, if I should encounter you, that your presence was very necessary at the house."

"With such clear heads as his young recruits have brought into the establishment, I don't think my own methodical brain, which becomes quite muddled at the sight of figures, could be at all necessary to the clockwork arrangements there," replied Mr. Dupre, with a provoking drawl. "So, Mr. Lord, or Mr. Ward, if you will excuse the slip of the tongue, be good enough to say to my respected grandpapa-at-law, Mr. D., that I shall lend him my unjustly valued services as soon as it accords entirely with my pleasure."

"My increased duties will forbid my playing the role of errand boy, so I fear you will have to employ another messenger," responded Walter, with distinct emphasis, and bowing to the young lady again, he went in.

"But that I remember so distinctly the disreputable, loathsome urchin, whom your father was gracious enough to befriend some ten years ago, because of his accidental services to you, this Walter Ward, the cock of the roost, might impose upon me, too, with his fine strut," said Cecil Dupre, when he had waited long enough to be quite sure that the individual in question had passed out of hearing. "But under the circumstances, it is as good as a play to me—very amusing."

"You are unkind, Cecil," replied the young lady, seriously. "Such altercations are unpleasant to me, and would be particularly so to papa, if he knew it. I was once, twice, perhaps, indebted to Walter Ward for my life, and each of us here have endeavored to convince him of the extent of our obligation, without overwhelming him with the vastness of our condescension."

"It would have been equally as appropriate, then, to have dubbed him Walter *Guardian*," replied the young man, with a disdainful laugh.

"Oh, Cecil! ungenerous Cecil!" There was anger as well as pain in the soft, reproachful tones. "How can you have the heart to taunt him with his early misfortunes! If he has not a name as generally known as your own, he has rewarded my father's interest by growing up as honest and ingenuous, as noble and brave, as I could have desired my own brother to be, had he lived, and you insult me when you speak lightly of him."

"Dear Evelyn! love! if it is displeasing to you, I am dumb henceforth," cried the young man, endeavoring to take her hand, while she turned disdainfully away. "You know how strong the inclination has always been in me to put down that assumed superiority which is so often to be found in people who are sprung absolutely from nothing. You are mistaken in supposing that I have any especial cause of dislike in this case. How could the person who has just passed us—nameless, indeed, except through the whim of your too generous father—have any possible interests that could conflict with mine?"

"In all the requisites that make up the gentleman, my father himself regards Walter Ward as his own son, or *your* equal," responded the young lady, with a momentary flash of her pretty eyes. "And I desire you to understand me, Cecil, once for all, that you are henceforth to treat him with the courtesy you would show a brother of mine—had I been blessed with one in reality—or I shall have you to insult him, and then meet with the return which you deserve, and which more than once I have fancied my presence alone prevented him from bestowing. You strove to take my hand a moment since. Will you receive it now, on these conditions?"

Cecil Dupre looked at her for an instant as though about to retort with an angry defiance or threat, but her combined beauty and gentle dignity seemed to subdue even him, and, bowing over the jeweled fingers, he murmured an apology with some other words of adieu, and a moment later strolled out through the gate.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW WALTER HAD KEPT HIS PROMISE.

Lovely Evelyn! so little changed from child to woman. A feeling of almost holy tenderness inspires us whenever the records of our narrative bring us to her.

She had insisted on calling her old deliverer by the name under which he was now uniformly known, though no one knew better than herself that it had been bestowed upon him by the whim of a moment. Her father, after taking him to a tailor and furnishing him an outfit, had conveyed him to one of the city schools, as we have seen, and entered him as a pupil.

"You will be astonished at his singular ignorance," Mr. Leslie had explained to the principal; "but he is anxious to learn. Begin with him, and should you find him possessed of capacity as well as diligence, I shall have him thoroughly educated for any business in life."

Such a *carte blanche*, arguing a lengthy term, the master promised his own earnest attention, and a faithful report of the pupil.

"What is the little fellow's name?" he asked.

"Eh! what?," replied Mr. Leslie, as he took his leave. "I had'nt thought of that once. Walter. Let me see. Well, yes, he is under under my entire control, so you may enter him as Walter Ward."

And thus the Wally of our story had been christened, at thirteen years of age, with a surname by which he was to be identified in the coming struggle of life among men.

For the first few weeks the master, seriously discouraged by the bewildered appearance and startlingly irrelevant questions of the new boy, was often of the opinion that it was his duty to report him to his patron as disqualified by nature for any serious study. It was not long, however, before the shell that seemed to have encrusted his faculties gave way, and by the end of the first term he honestly declared him the most promising lad in all the freshman's department. The questioning faculties of the boy, grasping at shadows before, now caught and wrestled elaborately with facts. Inured to hardships of every other description, this brain labor was to him a new, and wondrous, and blissful dream. It took him quite out of himself, away from the old wretchedness, where his lot would have been worse than that of the beasts that perish, and made of him a calmly speculating, reasoning philosopher.

To have no thought of what he should eat, or where he should sleep, and to be under a roof with any sort of fire, when the rain and the snow were falling, was to him the *maximum bonum* of human felicity. None of the world's conquerors, newly raised from obscurity to the purple, ever enjoyed the pomps of royalty more than he did the little plain cottage bed where he slept.

Finding a small boy sitting disconsolably shedding tears in one of these dormitories when he came up to retire one night, he reproached him sorrowfully:

"What are you crying for? Are they going to send you away?" he asked.

"No," replied the other, still sobbing. "That is just it. They won't let me go; and I shan't stay here. I say—let's you and I creep down, when they are all asleep, and run away."

"What for?" gasped Walter, in terror.

"What for! Don't you see what a rum, hateful old place this is?" whis-

pered the boy, indignantly. "And didn't you see that long-nosed Master Birch whack young Trigg over the head with the ruler to-day?"

"Yes; but Carroll Trigg was laughing, and wouldn't get his lesson," explained Walter, eagerly. "And he was very rude to Mr. Birch."

"Rude! Of course he was. Who would take the trouble to be polite to such a shoddy? If I had had my pistol I would have shot him. Are you going?"

"Oh, no," replied Walter, frankly. "I like here, and I am going to stay all my life."

"Then you are a dirty, beggar's brat, and have been used to nothing," returned the young swell, contemptuously. "I shall write to mamma once to come for me, and, if she don't, I'll bolt."

And Walter crawled into his bed, lying awake to speculate what this small gentleman had been "used to," that he did not like his present quarters.

The teachers had informed him of the nature of his obligation to Mr. Leslie, and how incumbent upon him it was to work to the extent of his ability, and after that he very rarely took part in any of the games, even at recess or in the afternoon, and he went to the gymnasium only when commanded to do so. He dressed well; and soon stood unchangably at the head of his class. He had never thought of assuming any superiority on this account. And in like manner no idea had ever been awakened in his mind as to why he might not be the veriest aristocrat in school.

The true story of Cecil Dupre's mother had never been divulged here. To free Eugene had been all that Philip Danvers had asked, and when this was done, he naturally preferred for all their sakes that her evil record should perish with her. Her friends had all followed her to the grave under the impression that her mind had been destroyed by the cruel kidnapping of her only child, and that, unconscious of what she did, her life had been sacrificed to this bitter grief, so that not only a full condonation but a generous sympathy had been accorded her. And Cecil on his return had found himself suddenly a hero. The child of a distinguished French officer, and stepson of Eugene Danvers. He could have had no finer passport into the very best society than this. Eugene had died without a will, but had requested his father to bestow upon Cecil the hundred thousand dollars that had belonged exclusively to himself, when he should have attained his twenty-fifth year. Until then, as the boy had manifested many symptoms of unreliability and wildness, Mr. Danvers himself should direct his education and pursuits, and Cecil had chanced to be placed at the same school with Walter Ward. They were, perhaps, about the same age, though Cecil was the larger of the two, and his wonderful beauty, and really princely bearing, had inspired his fellows with a veneration rarely elicited by the most favored hero of school life.

He had seen Walter once at Mr. Leslie's house, had heard the story of his life, and recognizing him here, had begun one day in the gymnasium to question him rather sneeringly, in the presence of a number of boys, about his parents.

Walter responded civilly at first, stating ingenuously that he had never known either father or mother, when a coarse jest from young Dupre reached his ear, and the sense of it, with his acquired information, flashed upon him for the first time. Before the other could have the slightest intimation of any hostile intention, he had sprung upon him with the fierceness of a tiger, and struck him so fell a blow with the weights he chanced to have in his hands, that Cecil at once measured his length upon the floor. Not satisfied with this, Walter leaped upon his prostrate body, and might have inflicted some fatal injury upon his adversary, had not the bystanders interfered to prevent him, crying out: "For shame! for shame! Throw the irons away, or you will kill him! Have fair play!" At this the weights had been hurled away, but when Cecil arose, declaring, wrathfully, that the fight should not end here, he had closed with him in a hand to hand contest. Over and over they had it now, Cecil foaming in his haughty assumption of pride, and tearing at the hair and eyes of his nameless opponent.

"You dirty almshouse bastard! to have the insolence to strike me, because a gentleman picked you up out of the filth of the street, and placed you here that you might learn how to black his shoes instead of his face when he ordered you. I shall kill you for this!"

Not so contemptible but that Cecil put a mark upon his ear with his teeth, that may be seen to this day; but the smaller pugilist dealt such steady blows upon temple and chest, that young Dupre at last lay insensible upon the floor. The beholders now, for the first time, seriously alarmed, drew the frenzied assailant away, and rushed out for assistance.

Walter was arraigned before the high tribunal of the establishment, and suspended from his duties for the remainder of the term. Mr. Leslie called in some surprise and indignation at the boy, had a long talk with him, during which Walter told his own story, interrupted by hot, passionate tears, and placed him at another school. The reports of him here were again most favorable. Mr. Leslie, himself, at the end of another year, was astonished at the successful examination sustained by the quick, large-eyed, well-mannered boy, whom he could scarcely believe to be the same person whose destiny he had at first attempted to shape with so little promise of success. Evelyn had come with her father to the examination, and Mr. Leslie took the boy home with him, that he might have leisure to study this unfolding mind and character in the two months' vacation that ensued.

That he was pleased beyond his most sanguine expectations was quite evident from the additional instructions given on bringing him back to the college.

"His predominant talent is for mathematics," said the professor. "He would make a good engineer, or, perhaps, a successful financier."

"Let his pursuits be as regular and systematic as possible," replied Mr. Leslie, "that when the time comes he may be ready for any opening in life that may present itself. I have no son living. You will please regard him as such while under your charge, and treat him accordingly."

In the short two months passed in Mr. Leslie's house, Walter's character had been fixed beyond the control of all extraneous circumstances, for life.

At the close of the next scholastic year, Rochester Leslie received a firm but very grateful letter from the young student, entreating him to crown the long list of favors he had done him, by finding him some employment, however humble it might be. The professors had declared him now prepared to earn a livelihood by his own exertions, and the sense of his obligations was so great that he could not, in justice to himself or his munificent patron, remain longer a trespasser upon his bounty at the expensive institution which he had been attending, and he had enclosed him a certificate of recommendation from the faculty.

Mr. Leslie, responding in person, urged upon the young man the advantages resulting from a thorough and comprehensive education, and informed him that he wished him to go on a matter of business for the present to Cuba. He had been requested to send a thoroughly responsible business man, and had selected Walter.

"Your instructors assure me that you can attend to my affairs there with perfect readiness. And on your return I desire you to enter the University of Princeton for the next three years. You can then," continued his benefactor, "take a position with me, or elsewhere; when you can easily repay me in money, if you will, and still suffer me to remain your happy debtor, in the conviction that I have aided you to become the man I desire you to be."

The commission to Cuba was executed, during the summer, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, and Walter returned promptly. It had been believed that Mrs. Leslie had looked with less favor upon the youth than either her husband or daughter had done; but she had now been in Europe for some months, where the father had left her for a while with Evelyn, whom they had taken over to complete her education; and Walter proceeded at once to Princeton, as had been agreed.

Leaving the walls of this *alma mater* of learning at last, with credentials such as only a fortunate few of our young men obtain here, he still expressed his preference for a mercantile life, and was received into the house of "Danvers & Leslie." Mr. Leslie now crossed the ocean to join his wife and daughter, the latter having fulfilled all the promise of her childhood, as a beautiful and accomplished young lady.

Mr. Leslie had likewise a branch house in Brussels. And as some business entanglements threatened to monopolize more of his time than he cared to devote to such serious pursuits in person, he wrote Mr. Vance to post the readiest employe with the necessary details, and send him over at the earliest possible date.

While Mr. Leslie sighed wearily, without a hope of relief in many weeks to come, Walter Ward entered his counting-room at Brussels; and the former, delighted beyond measure, invited his young *protege*, who now really presented a strikingly distinguished appearance, to drink wine at his Belgian villa with his family. Mrs. Leslie, seeming to have forgotten her old prejudice, was charmingly affable, and Evelyn resplendant in her youth and beauty. Those young people shook hands cordially at a first glance.

"Why," laughed Mrs. Leslie, "I had paused to see you look at each other as entire strangers."

Each of them declared the other unchanged; while in justice to Walter, we must confess that few human beings in our life had ever undergone a more complete metamorphosis. Evelyn sang and played to him divinely on harp and piano, and he understood and repeated the divinest sentiments with her. And the next day he drove with them, after business hours, and played croquet with her on their return. She had the same old childish, irresistible frankness of manner; and the young man's color came and went strangely as he looked at her.

One evening, as he entered the door, being still dazzled by the brilliant light within, he saw a young man, with hair as curling and face as beautiful as that of Lord Byron, sitting familiarly with the family.

"Come in, Mr. Ward," said Mr. Leslie, rising to meet him. "I was under the impression that you were acquainted with Mr. Cecil Dupre, a countryman of ours, as you may remember."

The young men eyed each other for an instant; Dupre, smiling and self-possessed, was the first to speak.

"Mr. Ward, I entreat your friendly greeting to-day. You are the same, I see, who once, as a small boy, gave me as severe a thrashing as another boy ever received. Had your history been unknown to me, I would have staked my affidavit that you had been apprenticed to a blacksmith; for Jorger's hammer scarcely ever fell with more crushing effect upon anvil, than did your fist about my cranium and chest."

"And I, too," replied Walter, with a smile as haughty as his own, while Evelyn's poodle fawned at his feet; "I, too, have not forgotten (Miss Leslie, does this small dog of yours bite?) that I am indebted to you, Mr. Dupre, for one of the most salutary lessons of my life."

The ladies looking surprised, Cecil explained, with abundant show of credit to Walter, the story of their old battle, which Mr. Leslie had quite forgotten. Amid the general laughter, Mrs. Leslie drew Walter aside, and engaged him in a lengthy discussion.

"As you are almost a son to us," she said, at last, "I may confide to you that young Mr. Dupre is a suitor for my daughter's hand. He has just left college in Germany, and in two years will come into possession of a handsome property. Besides which, as poor Eugene left no children of his own, Mr. Danvers will, of course, make him his heir. I find the sly fellow has been talking love to her since they were quite children; so I suppose we shall have to give our consent."

On this evening Walter left early, and afterwards his business kept him more closely at his hotel.

Mr. Leslie and his family returned to New York some months before young Ward could complete his business arrangements. When he did come over at last he was welcomed both by Mr. Danvers and Rochester Leslie with every mark of confidence. His aptness had been the theme of universal comment at home and abroad. Mr. Leslie renewed invitations, and Walter continued to call, now and then, at the old residence on Fifth avenue.

Cecil Dupre had been reported a little wild on the continent; and Philip Danvers, ever a thoroughly practical man, had sent for him home.

"I shall put him to work," he said, "and Rochester Leslie will then have an opportunity to find out the stuff of which he is made. I shall try him, for the next two years, upon the same salary we pay young Ward; and if he doesn't sober down, I'll cut him off without a shilling of my money, let him marry Leslie's daughter when he will."

Cecil Dupre came home, and to all appearances was "sobering down" in good earnest; but he was far from being a business man, as the most lenient of his friends were forced to declare, while Mr. Danvers, who did not think that the best of young men could be worked too much, was forming anything but a favorable impression of his adopted step-grandson.

Rochester Leslie had more sympathy with the follies of youth, and had an interview with Mr. Danvers, with a view to ascertain that gentleman's intentions with regard to young Dupre, and to establish the understanding between Cecil and his daughter upon some sure basis.

Mr. Danvers informed him that the young man would come into possession of his son's property in rather more than a year, but for his own, he was not at all decided as to its disposal.

Mr. Leslie was not entirely pleased, and was even disposed to sympathize with young Dupre as something hardly dealt by, and had given his consent in due form to the latter's marriage with his daughter on Cecil's coming into his property. And thus matters were standing on the day Walter Ward presented himself at Rochester Leslie's door, and was shown by the gentleman usher into his presence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 7.—THE FATAL ENCOUNTER.

"There is the spot, just where you see the cleft in the rock. It was from that point my noble master met his death, a little more than twenty-five years ago."

The speaker was a gray-headed man, an old servitor in the family of Lord Rosenstein.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed his companion. "I shudder when I look over the precipice into the gulf beneath. What a fearful height! His death must have been instantaneous. Was it accidental or——"

"That no mortal will ever know," interrupted the old man. "His body was found by some shepherds at the base of the cliffs, early on the following morn. It's a dreadful story, which will be told by father to son for generations to come."

"You must narrate it to me. Come, my friend, let us return," said the younger of the two. "After a deep draught of good Rhenish wine, you will be in better trim to relate the melancholy history."

The speaker and his companion descended the mountain, and eventually succeeding in reaching the little town of Brauback, they entered a neat, small house by the water side. After partaking of a light repast, which they washed down with sundry glasses of wine, the two companions managed to shake off the sense of weariness and depression which both had felt an hour or so before.

"You have seen every nook and cranny of the castle, sir," observed the old man. "It's a brave old place, isn't it?"

"Without a doubt."

"And you have asked me to tell you how it came to pass out of the Rosenstein family. You will not be surprised that it should have done so, when you know all. You must understand that I was a page in the service of the late Count Rosenstein at the time the occurrence took place which I am now about to narrate. My master was a brave and honorable gentleman, albeit he was headstrong, impetuous, and easily moved to anger, and was, withal, jealous to a fault. Small wonder at that, you will say, when I tell you that my lady was the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her day.

"Early one morning the count summoned me into his library, where I found him rather more pale and thoughtful than usual. A letter lay on the table before him, on which he wrote a name and address. Then he drew a small cord of silk floss across the folds, and sealed the ligature at both ends. He put the note into my hands, and said, quietly:

"'Herman, you will repair to Nieder, where there is at present a camp. Inquire for Captain Kehlner, and mind you give this letter into his own hands. You will have to bring me back a reply.'

"I promised obedience. From my master's manner, as also from other circumstances which had come to my knowledge, I suspected that the missive to be taken to the camp was a cartel of mortal defiance. This supposition was strengthened when he said, upon my leaving:

"'Do not let it be seen by your manner that there is anything extraordinary in your mission. Conduct the matter as quietly as possible.'

"I bowed, and left the library. I was young, bold, and I might say without fear for my own personal safety; nevertheless, I was not quite certain as to the sort of reception I should meet with from the captain, who might be incensed at receiving such a cartel from a page. Having determined, however, upon making light of the matter in hand, I ordered my horse to be got in readiness, and a groom to be prepared to accompany me, as gaily as if I had been going upon an errand of pleasure.

"In less than half an hour I came in sight of the camp at Nieder. Upon demanding to see the captain, I was at once conducted to his tent. He knew me well enough, having been a guest at Marksburgh in times of trouble, when our country was rent asunder by civil wars. He took the letter, opened it, and carefully perused its contents; then, turning towards me, he said:

"'I presume, young man, you know why you have been sent hither?'

"Although I strongly suspected the nature of my errand, I deemed it most prudent to answer in the negative.

"The captain bit his lips with vexation.

"'Umph!' he at length ejaculated. 'Your master, the count, has his own way of conducting affairs of this sort, which, to say the least of it, is not a very courteous one. But no matter. You may tell him that I accept his invitation—that will suffice. He will be able to dispense with ceremony. Say, therefore, that I accept his invitation unconditionally.'

"I returned to the Castle of Marksburgh.

"The count waited for an opportunity to converse with me alone. When the countess had retired to her own apartments, he asked me if I had an answer to his note.

"'Only a verbal one, my lord,' said I.

"Upon this he sent away his little girl, who was by his side, and I gave him an account of all that had passed.

"'Thou hast done well, Herman,' observed my master. 'I shall need your services this evening; be in readiness to accompany me at eight o'clock.'

"I did not know precisely what I was needed for, but had, of course, no other alternative than to obey; so when it drew near the appointed hour I slipped unobserved into the library. The count was engaged with a notary, who handed him several papers to sign. He went through those formalities with the utmost composure, bidding me wait in the ante-room till they were concluded. He then joined me, and we both sallied forth, and made direct for a grove of trees on the borders of the Rhine. The place was well known to both of us as being a lonely and unfrequented spot. I began to fully comprehend the object of our visit, and had some serious misgivings as to the result. My master was an accomplished swordsman, well versed in the use of his weapon; and the knowledge of this fact made me feel confident that he would prove the victor.

"In less than a quarter of an hour after our arrival Captain Kehlner presented himself. He bowed coldly to the count, and said, 'In obedience to your written instructions, sir, I have come hither unattended; but I see you have a companion.'

"'He is a young man of honor and probity,' returned the count. 'Nevertheless, if you desire it, I will request him to leave at once.'

"'Let him remain, by all means,' answered Kehlner. 'I would much prefer his being present. At the same time, however, I must observe that it would have been more seemly to have chosen any other person than a mere page. However, after all, it is, perhaps, as well to have as few witnesses as possible.'

"'Quite as well, since I feel it my duty to tell you, as I now do, that I hold you to be a villain and a traitor.'

"'It is false! I cast back your epithets with scorn. But no more of this; have you chosen the ground?'

"He gave me his horse's rein, and Count Rosenstein led him to the chosen spot. He made him examine it accurately, to assure himself that there was no inequality.

"'Bah!' ejaculated the captain. 'I do not suspect you of any mean artifice.'

"Upon this, the two measured weapons, and prepared for the coming strife. I could not help remarking to myself that neither of the combatants had made any allusion to the cause of the hostile meeting.

"At length, swords were crossed. A few passes were made, and successfully parried. Neither seemed disposed to act upon the aggressive, and the contest was a cautious one for some time. Presently, however, my master, who was, as I have already observed, of a hasty and choleric nature, became heated in the encounter. He pressed the captain hard, still, however, keeping a wary hand and eye; but at the same time it was evident that he was becoming more vehement at each pass. At length, in a furious lunge, in consequence of not keeping his right foot straight, he slipped suddenly, and came upon his knee, perfectly at the mercy of his opponent.

"Captain Kehlner immediately lowered the point of his weapon, and bade him rise.

"Struck with the captain's generosity, I advanced, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation.

"'Gentlemen,' I ejaculated, 'I trust you will pardon my interference; but consider for a moment. Cannot the matter be now arranged amicably and honorably to both parties?'

"'Silence, Herman!' exclaimed my master.

"'The young man means well,' observed Kehlner. But his words fell upon the ear of one who is blinded with passion.

"'If you are content to go forth to the world branded as a coward, mount your horse and away at once,' answered the count, with bitterness.

"Not another word passed; but the combat was renewed with redoubled fury. So quick, indeed, were the movements of both parties, that I was hardly able to follow them. At the end of a series of savage thrusts on both sides, Count Rosenstein parried a lunge of his adversary in such a manner as to leave the whole of the captain's body unprotected. He then lunged in return, and the next moment Captain Kehlner was lying prostrate.

"At a sign from my master, I threw the bridles of the horses over a low bough, and hastened at once to the spot where the wounded officer lay.

"The fallen man had by this time raised himself upon one arm; his countenance was deathly pale; but he spoke not a word. I looked at the count, and said, in a whisper:

"'Shall I run for assistance—for a leech?'

"He shook his head, and said:

"'I fear he is past all surgery. Remain here.'

"'Speak—for mercy's sake, speak, Captain Kehlner!' I ejaculated, in a tone of agony.

"'He will never speak more!' said the count.

"With a single groan, the captain fell back.

"The remembrance of that awful scene will remain with me to the end of my days. We stood for some time contemplating the rigid features of the slain man. I felt assured that his career was at an end; and, after a long and painful pause, my master bent over him, and opened his doublet.

"'It is all over with him,' he said, turning away with something like an expression of remorse on his features—'all over, Herman. Put your hand upon his heart, and see if it beats. You will call me hasty, revengeful, and cruel.'

"'It is not likely that I shall upbraid you now, my lord,' I answered. 'Still——'

"'Well, what? Speak frankly; I shall not be angered.'

"'I do very much regret the matter had not been arranged when I suggested.'

"'Peace! Would you drive me mad?'

"I said no more; but bent over the form of the brave young officer, and ascertained beyond all question that he was dead."

At this part of the narrative, the speaker's companion uttered a deep groan.

"Ah!" observed Herman, "you may well be moved; but what I have already told is nothing in comparison to the sequel. Shall I proceed?"

"Yes—by all means; let me learn all. It is essential I should know."

"We buried the dead captain beneath the trees, within a few paces of the spot where he had fallen. But, ah! young gentleman, we could not bury the remembrance of what took place on that fatal night. We returned to Marksburgh. I could not help remarking that Count Rosenstein appeared restless and troubled. He shut himself up in the library, and seemed to avoid the presence of his wife. Three days after the deed, he called me on one side, and said, in a low whisper:

"'Herman, the spirit of the dead man has appeared to me!'

"I started back, and regarded him with a look of incredulity.

"'It is true,' he murmured. 'The dead man has twice presented himself. Come to me this evening after ten. You will find me in the library.'

"I went at the appointed time, and learnt from the lips of my master the cause of his quarrel with Captain Kehlner."

"And what was its nature?"

"Well, you must know, sir, that when our country was laid waste and devastated by civil wars, the captain was pursued by a detachment of the enemy's troops. In the hour of his peril my master came to his rescue, and conducted him through the secret passage into the Castle of Marksburgh, where he remained a guest for some weeks. He left suddenly and secretly; why, or wherefore, we none of us knew. But it appeared afterwards that my master was jealous. He fancied that the young captain was too attentive to my lady, the countess. He, however, never for a moment suspected that she gave him encouragement, for he had implicit faith in the fidelity of his wife. A quarrel ensued. The count, always headstrong and passionate, struck the captain, who returned the blow; and the end of all this was the hostile meeting I have already described."

"And what followed?"

"You shall hear. Count Rosenstein became a moody, melancholy man. He was afflicted with a bitter feeling of remorse, and seemed to be under some strange and unaccountable influence. The spirit of the slain captain appeared to him by day and by night. An old man, disguised as a palmer, paid a visit to the castle, and my unhappy master made him acquainted with all that had passed, and sought his advice."

"And the palmer—what said he?"

"Alas! good sir, what he said was of so terrible a nature as to drive Count Rosenstein to desperation—to madness. I must now refer to a circumstance which occurred many years before the events which I have already narrated. A young man, the son of a Baron Hubner, was tried upon several charges of disaffection and treason. One of the chief witnesses against him was my master. The baron's son was convicted, and sentenced to death. He was decapitated on the scaffold, by the headsman of Mentz. Count Rosenstein was, at this time, commander of the emperor's forces, and he was ordered by his sovereign to be present, with two regiments of guards, at the execution. Mindful of the emperor's commands, he obeyed. When the final act of the had been performed, Baron Hubner shook his gloved hand at the count, and said, in a voice of concentrated anger:

"'Hark ye, Count Rosenstein! My son's blood be upon your head! It is your turn, now; but, in the years that are to come, his death will be avenged! Farewell, till then! We shall meet again!'

"And did he endeavor to avenge his son's death?"

Ah, indeed, he did, and succeeded but too well. Years passed over, and no one saw or heard anything of Baron Hubner. As time went on, a report reached Marksburgh that the baron had died in some foreign land."

And was the rumor without foundation?"

"Yes, so it afterwards appeared. I said my count consulted the palmer. He told him all; of the death of Kehlner, and how he had been haunted by his spirit.

"The palmer listened, without moving a muscle of his rigid and sinister features. When the master ceased speaking, the palmer regarded him with a look of intense satisfaction; such a look as Mephistopheles might fasten on a man whom he had in his power.

"'You have done?' observed the palmer, carelessly. "Your story is told?'

"'Yes, returned the count.

"'Good! Now listen to mine. The young captain who met his death at your hands may well haunt you; he was guiltless of the charge you made against him!'

"'But, worse than this,' observed the palmer, in a slow and measured voice; '*it was your wife's brother!*'

"Count Rosenstein's breath came thick, and a choking sensation in his throat deprived him of the power of utterance.

"'He was your wife's brother,' repeated the palmer—'her younger brother; although she knew him not when he was your guest.'

"'Impossible!' ejaculated the count.

"Upon this, the palmer drew from his doublet letters and papers, which clearly proved the indenty of the ill-fated captain. It appeared that the brother of the countess, when a boy of some six years of age, had been a passenger on a vessel which was lost at sea. All on board were reported to have perished, including the father of the boy. Such, however, was not the case. Three passengers only were saved—two men and a boy. They were picked up by a Greek vessel. The men had supported themselves on the water by clinging to a broken mast, across which they had placed the child, whom one of the men afterwards adopted, and had named after him. The boy grew up to manhood, enlisted in the army, distinguished himself, and received his death-wound from the sword of his brother-in-law."

"And the count?"

"When he heard this from the lips of his mortal foe—for such the palmer was—my unhappy master became almost frantic; but his cup of bitterness was not yet full. The palmer suddenly threw aside his disguise, and stood erect before his panic-stricken companion.

"'Count Rosenstein,' he said, in an altered tone, assuming an attitude of defiance, "do you not know me? Did I not tell you some two-and-twenty years ago, that we should meet again? I am here, and my son's death is avenged!'

"The count was too overwhelmed with remorse to make any reply, and Baron Hubner, with a smile of malignant malice, took his departure."

"And the end?"

"Was death. I have already shown you where the body of my unhappy master was found. He fell over the cliffs, whether purposely or by accident, no one has been able to determine; but he perished, as I have described. Soon after his death, my lady, the countess, went abroad, taking with her a dear little girl—her only child; and, ah! woe is me, but the sight of either or both of them would glad these old eyes more than I can tell; but that may not be, I suppose."

"It shall be, my friend!" exclaimed Herman's companion. "The little girl you allude to has now grown up to a handsome young woman, and she made me promise not to return without you."

"What!" ejaculated Herman, rubbing his eyes like a man who had just been awakened out of his sleep. "You take me to her?"

"Assuredly, my friend. Me."

"But I do not quite understand. Then you know Mona Rosenstein?"

"I ought to, since she is my wife. There, cease your wonderment. We have settled at Florence. You return thither with me."

"Why did you not tell me this before?" said Herman.

"I wanted to hear this sad history of the past before doing so. That is over now. You spend the remainder of your days with us."

"Us?"

"Yes; with me, my wife and the countess."

In less than twenty-four hours after this declaration, the faithful old servitor of the Rosensteins started off with his newly-found friend, who made direct for Florence.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—What ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools raise.

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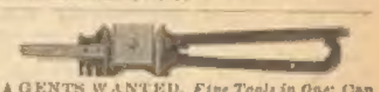

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The Boudoir

FASHION, NOTES & QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

"Why is it that you ladies are ready always to adopt absurd fashions, and so loth to use sensible ones?" asked a wise paterfamilias of us, the other day. Righteous wrath filled our soul at so sweeping a blow at the good taste and sense of our sex, and evidenced itself in our indignant refutation of the charge; but as is usual in such cases, it only provoked an argument, and heaped upon our devoted head additional proofs of the weakness of our sex in matters of dress, as received from the masculine standpoint of observation. "Just see those long trains sweeping up the mud and dust of the streets. Look," and with scornful finger he pointed to a fair belle just crossing the street, with her silken train following her, heavy with mud, etc. "Now do you call that good taste? I think it is not neat, which is going a step farther."

Being of the feminine gender we did not "give in," you may be sure, fair friends, but to you we will privately confess that at the end of the argument, we found in our secret heart that there was a conviction that our opponent had the best of the discussion, and was right in his assertions.

Often in these columns we have urged the adoption of the round skirt, just clearing the ground, which is universally used by our sensible English sisters for the promenade, and also by the more stylish Parisienne dame.

Many think because the leading figures in so many of the fashion plates from abroad are represented with skirts either long or demi-train, that such must, of course, be the style for all toilettes. Here is a great mistake. The figures in the colored fashion plates, for the most part, represent dinner, reception, or carriage costumes. Advices from Paris assure us that the walking dresses there are made just to clear the ground. We feel called upon to allude to this matter, because we notice the almost universal custom here prevalent of wearing demi-trains for the street. We have just seen so charming a toilette for the promenade, that we feel sure when our fair readers read our description of it, they will surely adopt it for a model by which to fashion their winter costumes for the street. It was of sea blue silk and striped cachemire de l'Inde, the underskirt of the silk just clearing the ground all round. A deep flounce, scalloped around the lower edge, was placed entirely round the skirt; above that a knife edge pleating, six inches deep. In front a second flounce, of the same depth as the lower one, differing from it in the fact that it was cut in deep points, and afterwards the points themselves were scalloped and bound, and fell over the lower flounce. Above, were two graduated pleatings, the first six inches deep, the second four, headed by two bias folds.

The overskirt was of ecru cachemire de l'Inde, striped longitudinally with bands of blue the same shade as the underskirt, and each an inch wide. It was of the deep round apron form, drawn up towards the back in upturned folds, and trimmed with a knife-edge pleating of silk like the underskirt, about six inches deep. A long sash with double loops and fringed ends completed the back. A plain tight-fitting basque, short upon the hips and long in the back and front, corded with silk, and with large square pockets and cuffs of silk, also round collar and revers of the same, completed the costume.

The basque was double-breasted, and fastened at the left side.

Hat of gray felt with rim upturned all round; scarf of silk loosely twisted and knotted, with ends hanging down behind, tufts of gray tips and a blue-shaded bird completed this charming toilette.

A dress for dinner or receptions was of steel gray Irish poplin, very long train—the front breadths trimmed with a bias flounce and standing ruffle—the latter bound on the upper edge with a bias of black velvet. The back breadths were perfectly plain, and put on with an immense box plait. A long, very long apron overskirt, quite full and looped towards the back in many loose folds, finished by a black velvet sash with loops and long ends, pointed and trimmed with deep silk fringe. The novelty of the skirt trimming consisted in two pieces for each side, reaching from the waist to the bottom of the dress, about twelve inches wide, composed of alternate rows of black velvet, cut bias and five or six inches in depth, and a knife-edge pleating of the poplin eight inches deep. These pieces were adjustable, and were attached to a band or belt, which passed around the waist, and was intended to be put on after the overskirt. They had a hook or two which could be fastened in loops cunningly disposed down the sides of the underskirt. The effect was extremely novel and effective.

The basque was full at the back—or rather the skirts of it were—and disposed in plaits above the tournure. Three bias bands of velvet passed over the shoulders, forming bretelles, and ended in six tabs pointed and trimmed with fringe to match the sash. The sleeves were half-tight, fitting to the elbow, falling from thence in two pleated frills. A band of velvet covered the part where the frills joined the rest of the sleeve, and a bow and ends of the velvet hung from the outer seam. A small standing collar of velvet, and velvet buttons finished the front of the corsage.

We saw a very handsome overdress for a black silk suit, composed entirely of longitudinal puffs. It was also open in front, and caught together in three places by double bows of the same.

A fancy for embroidery in point de Russe stitch, combined with application of cloth upon a silk or satin foundation, is extremely popular abroad now for chair covers and cushions, etc. It is said that some very handsome and striking effects have been produced by transferring the figures from an old broche shawl, and surrounding them with vines and leaves of embroidery; on some the simple chain stitch in different colored silks and disposed in a pretty pattern of arabesques or vines.

We mention this sort of work as a pleasant occupation for winter evenings, and capable of charming effects—when the colors are artistically combined. Very available, too, for articles for fancy fairs, etc.

It is said that the style of arranging the hair, hanging loosely in a fine net, so popular a year or two ago, has been revived abroad for schoolgirls and misses yet in their teens. Sometimes a ribbon, blue or scarlet or black, is tied loosely around it, just half-way down, much as the ribbon is worn around the Cadogan braid, only not so tightly tied. A picturesque style for blonde locks is to have three full, heavy curls hanging behind, and tied together low down with a ribbon—puffs and rolls for the top of the head. A bow or rosette of ribbon and lace, or else black velvet, is often worn just on top of the head.

The high, full ruches of tulle, fine Swiss, and French muslin, are still worn. Round standing-collars of linen, plain, or striped with a color, are very much in vogue for morning wear.

We saw the jauntiest little hat for a little girl. It was of fine dark felt, with a high crown and upturned brim. A scarf of plaided India silk was loosely twisted about the crown, and tied in a bow behind. An aigrette of white heron feathers, and a shaded green wing, were placed at the left of the front.

For full dress nothing is more stylish than the double ruches of Valenciennes, ending in a jabot, or a combination of the same lace with fine sheer Swiss muslin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. NELLIE A. CARSON.—Sent paper patterns by mail. Hope you may soon receive them.

J. AND R.—The English walking jacket is still worn, though longer than those of last season. "Violine" is a dark shade of purple.

MISS L. L. M.—A gray Irish poplin would be very handsome and appropriate for "the occasion." If you prefer to be married in traveling costume, we would advise gray in preference to any other shade of color. Let your bonnet be of the same tint as your dress; trim with velvet a shade darker, and ostrich tips.

LILY B.—We cannot conscientiously recommend the cosmetic you mention, for the reason that we are ignorant of its component parts; also, we disapprove of cosmetics, unless of the simplest nature. The only one we ever heard recommended by a physician was horseradish scraped and mingled with milk. Apply at night. Exercise and proper diet will do more for your complexion than all the "lotions" and "balms" in creation.

NINON.

WINTER IS COMING.

Cold Winter is coming—he's ready to start
From his home on the mountains afar,
He is shrunken and pale—he looks frore to the heart,
And snow-wreaths embellish his car.

Cold Winter is coming—all striptare the groves,
The passage-bird hastens away;
To the lovely blue South, like the tourist, he roves,
And returns like the sunshine in May.

Cold Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the stream,
And the June of his petrific breath
Will seal up the waters; till, in the moonbeam,
They lay stirless, as slumber or death.

Cold Winter is coming, and soon shall we see
On the panes, by that genius, Jack Frost,
Fine drawings of mountain, stream, tower, and tree,
Framed and glazed, too, without any cost.

Cold Winter is coming—I charge you again—
Muffle warm—of the tyrant beware—
He's so brave, that to strike the young hero he's fain—
He's so cold he'll not favor the fair.

Cold Winter is coming—I've said so before—
It seems I've not much else to say;
Yes, winter is coming, and God help the poor!
I wish it was going away.

THE FOUL ANCHOR.

BY C. D. CLARK.

It is a little golden emblem, no larger than the one seen upon the shoulder-straps of a naval officers. A toy of small value, in a pecuniary sense, and yet it has been the price of two precious lives. Let me tell its story as you look at it.

There is a spot upon the anchor which has never been washed away. I would not permit it to be done, for it is the blood of a true man who died for his kind—the blood of Abel Stearns.

He was a sailor, first mate of the Vespasian, a ship which traded among the Marquesas for palm oil and precious woods. A great, strong, earnest worker; a man of the people, who loved his fellow man, and believed that man should lay his own life down to save one which he regarded as more precious than his own. The moment I saw that bronzed, bearded face, and met that kindly smile, I liked Abel, and he was taken by me, and, to use his own quaint phrase, "cottoned to me" on the spot. Captain Manly, of the Vespasian, was an old school friend, and had asked me to take a voyage with him, as surgeon of his ship, after years of hard work in my profession had worn me out. I was glad to go, for I had few home ties, and longed to explore the beautiful islands and lagunes of the South Pacific.

We had not been at sea a month, when Abel and I were fast friends. He taught me his hardly-acquired knowledge of sailors' lore, and by the time we had rounded the Horn, and were heading up for the islands, I was something of a sailor. I could go up to the tops like a cat, and felt my chest expanding day by day under the influence of exercise and hard fare. Gentlemen, I weighed one hundred and thirty pounds when we sailed, and as I hardly lack half an inch of six feet in height, you can see that I must have been rather thin. But I began to fill up, and before we reached the islands I had gained thirty pounds. It is hard to believe, but strictly true. And when we ran into a great lagune, bounded upon three sides by low coral reefs—in water so clear that the coral, eighty feet below, seemed near enough to touch with the hand—I was a new man.

"We are all right here, Doc," said Abel, "and I'd go among these people as I would among my own in the States, and feel safe. But when we get among the man-eaters up to the south'ard, we've got to look sharp, I tell you. Just look at the critters; how they swarm along the beach? But why they don't come off and talk to us, I don't know, for I never was in this lagune for five minutes before without having them swarming all over the ship."

"They do seem shy," replied Captain Manly; "I hope no one has been before us and played them any tricks."

"Here is a kaupapa, anyhow," said Abel, pointing to a large war canoe which was shooting up the lagune. "Nothing except warriors in it, either. Don't this seem a trifle squally to you, Cap.?"

"Give every man pistols," replied Manly, quietly. "If they mean mischief we will fix them for it."

But the kaupapa, under the strokes of the paddles, came close to the side of the Vespasian and halted, while a powerful-looking old man, holding a long spear in his hand, stood up in the bow, and demanded why they came to the Marquesas.

"Answer him, Abel," said Captain Manly; "you know the language."

Abel began a conversation with the old chief, which was continued for some time, and then turned to us.

"These limejuicers have been getting us into trouble," he said. "You see they need laborers for the plantations on the Sandwich Islands, and some of these Englishmen have agreed to furnish them for so much a head. What did they do but come down to this place, entice a lot of warriors under the hatches, and then close down on them and carry them away. They took out eighty of the best men of this village, and they think we are up to the same game."

"It is slavery of a new kind," replied Manly, indignantly. "Tell them I am angry as they are, and only come here to make a fair trade. I will agree to exchange hostages with them, or anything to make a trade, for this island is rich in palm oil."

The chief, after much talk, appeared to be satisfied, and at a signal from him a swarm of natives, of both sexes, plunged into the water and swam out to the ship. I could not but admire the grace of movement and the beautiful forms of these South Sea women, but I was scandalized by their scanty attire.

"It ain't any wonder to me that so many boys desert and come here to live," said Abel. "I've often thought I'd like to come here, when old age comes on, and fall asleep under the breadfruit and palm trees. It's a lazy, shiftless, care-for-nothing life, but it suits a tired out sailor. See here, cap.; you keep your eyes on that old thief, for I don't believe he trusts us yet. I ain't going to let any more come aboard, any how."

The seamen were already engaged by the brown beauties, and although few among them understood the language, most of them could make themselves intelligible in dumb show. But the old chief, with a sour, discontented look on his face, seemed always on the watch for treachery.

"White men are all alike," he said to Abel. "They have brought no happiness to the children of Roccomo, and Basta does not love them."

"We have come in peace," replied Abel. "Bring us palm oil and sago, and you shall see that we mean peace."

"If you are friends, come to the Merai Pah and feast with us."

"How do we know that Basta is a friend, since he will not trust us?"

"See," replied the chief, "I have here two brothers and a son. I love them, as I love my life. Take them and bind them fast, and let the white captain, the medicine chief and two others come and feast at the Merai Pah. Then we shall know that you are friends, and will trade."

"It is a fair offer," said the captain. "Very well; we will go."

The Merai Pah is the enclosed fort which is seen in every Maori village; a sort of stockade, in fact. The chief brought forward three men so villainous in appearance, that it seemed no wonder that the tribe was ready to offer them as hostages. They did not seem to like the idea of remaining, but the chief hissed a low order to them, and they bowed their heads submissively.

"Keep an eye on them, Striker," said the captain, as he went into his boat. "Come along, Abel; you are going with us. Doc, we want you, too; and Harry Castle must come with you, because Abel is never worth a cent, when it comes to a fight, if Harry is not at his elbow. What are you doing with that 'Foul Anchor,' Abel?"

The mate was pinning the little golden ornament on the front of his cap.

"I always wear it when I think we are going into danger, cap. Humor an old sailor's whim, when you can. I have heard that the anchor is an emblem of hope; and I *hope* we will come back safe, but I doubt it."

We had armed ourselves before leaving the ship, each of us wearing a heavy cutlass, and carrying a brace of pistols in the belt. The village was not in sight from the lagune, and after landing, and leaving orders for the boat's crew to return for us before night, we marched away in company with the chief and several of his best men. To reach the village we were forced to pass through a narrow opening in a perpendicular cliff, a pass so narrow that only four men could march through it abreast. This pass had at one time ended abruptly, within ten feet of the valley in which the village stood; which valley, in my opinion, had been the crater of an old volcano. The natives had tunneled through the basaltic rock, and made an entrance to the valley, the only one by which it could be approached, without the greatest difficulty and danger.

"Give me a hundred men at this entrance," cried Abel, "and I would agree to hold back any army the world has ever seen. It is a grand place; in fact, it is a little too strong to suit me."

The village lay before us, the white huts gleaming amid the breadfruit and palm trees. An earthly paradise, such as we never see except in the tropical islands of the south. Behind us came the population of the village; a riotous group, eager to see the strange white men. One of the women, the most perfectly formed creature I ever saw, pressed close to us, and whispered a word in the ear of Abel, who started and looked at her.

"What did Mera say to the white man?" demanded the chief.

"She asked for this," replied Abel, taking the anchor from his cap and giving it to the beautiful girl. The chief looked at her sullenly, and waved her back, while we entered the village.

"Captain, captain," whispered Abel. "Do you know what that girl said to me?"

"What was it?"

"She said: 'take care; danger and death.'"

"See to your weapons, my lads," said Manly. "We may have been foolish, but if we have, we know how to die game."

We entered the hut of the chief and sat down, conversing with him by means of Abel. Perhaps an hour had passed, when a man showed himself in the doorway of the hut, and held up three fingers. An expression of terrible joy passed over the face of the old chief, and he left the hut hurriedly, bidding us wait for him. He had scarcely left the room when the beautiful girl, wearing the anchor twisted in her dark hair, rushed in at the back entrance.

"You are betrayed!" she cried, hurriedly. "The three men you left on the great canoe have escaped, and now they will kill you."

"Why?" asked Abel.

"Because white men stole away our warriors, and made them slaves," she replied, still speaking in the Maori tongue, which only Abel understood. "Our chiefs and warriors will never forget that. But you have one chance for life."

"And that?"

"Come with me and gain the pass which leads from the village. Then, if you have one man among you brave enough to hold the pass, three of you can escape."

"Show the way!" cried Manly, grasping his cutlass. "I brought these men here, and I will be the man to guard the pass."

She snatched three javelins from a rack on the wall, and called to them to follow. Once out of the cabin, we plunged into a breadfruit grove which ran along the valley toward the pass. By great good fortune we met no one in the grove, and, indeed, all the natives were in the Merai Pah, waiting for the signal to destroy the hated white men. Reaching the end of the grove, we had three hundred yards to run to gain the entrance to the pass, and as we started out upon the race, a demoniac howl told that we were seen, and the whole band of tattooed warriors, with club, spear, and wooden swords, were instantly in hot pursuit. But we reached the entrance to the pass, and turned.

"Mera," cried the captain, as he tore a leaf from his pocket-book and wrote three words upon it, "go to the ship and give them that."

Abel repeated his words to her.

She laid down her weapons, and darted away like an arrow from a bow, while we drew our pistols, and shouted to the coming horde of savages to stop. They rushed on, laughing fiercely, and Captain Manly, seeing that all hope of peace was over, fired both barrels into the thick mass, from which cries of pain arose. We followed his example, and there was a halt in the crowd, and we could see several bodies stretched upon the grass, while others were hobbling away toward the village. The momentary pause gave us a chance to load up again, and as the head men urged them on, they received a deadly volley more close and hot than the last. This time they broke and spread, to be out of the range, and at the same moment Mera came bounding back, her bosom heaving with excitement.

"The little canoe was on the shore," she cried. "It has carried the talking paper to the great canoe, and the warriors will come. See, white sailor, dweller of the sea," addressing Abel, "the woman of the islands cannot keep down her heart. Mera loves you, and has come back to fight for you."

Sweet trusting child! She had read the heart of Abel Stearns, and knew that he was a man who would not wrong a woman to save his life.

Abel looked at her with a swelling heart, and called to her to stand back.

"No, no!" she cried, "I must fight, for they would kill me if I were taken."

The entrance to the valley was suddenly darkened by a cloud of warriors, and a thousand weapons were waved in the air. The pistols began to play upon them, but this time there was no retreating on their part.

Captain Manly, Abel, and Harry stood in front, using their cutlasses as only Yankee sailors can. I stood in the rear, loading and firing as rapidly as possible. Half sheltered by the rocks, which turned aside the javelins darted at us, we held our ground well. The entrance to the tunnel became a very shambles, and Mera had not been idle, for thrice her spear had pierced an incautious warrior. But, pressed on by those behind, they forced us back step by step. The cutlasses were reddened to the hilt, and the strong arms were weary with striking, when Captain Manly fell. I seized the fallen man and dragged him back, and stepped into the gap, cutlass in hand.

From that moment I was a madman, and remember nothing more until the battle-cry of the "Vespasians" was heard, and the wild band were driven back, leaving thirty dead within the narrow pass. And there, in the front of the battle, hand in hand, her shapely head resting upon the gashed bosom of the man she loved, lay Mera and Abel, dead, and smiling as if asleep. And amid her clustering hair, stained with his blood, gleamed out this little emblem which I keep among my treasures.

So died Abel Stearns, the death he would have chosen, to save other lives.

The surgeon pressed his lips to the anchor, and a tear dimmed his manly eye. We drank in silence to the memory of that brave pair asleep by the silent lagune.

CHINESE PRIVATE LIFE.

The Chinese have a large screen before the doorway, which gives privacy sufficient for their need. The window-sashes are closed either by a sort of jalousie or thin matting. They do not surround their domesticities with the same mysteries and secret precaution with which we envelope these proceedings in this country. Human nature, they argue, has to sleep, and here is the mat on which it stretches itself. Why conceal it? It also wants to eat, and it satisfies its appetite, no matter how many eyes are gazing. Tell a Chinese cook you are hungry, and he will immediately fetch his fire, his cooking utensils, his provisions, and cook under your very nose.

He has no idea of concealing his operations in some far away back region, yclept kitchen, squats down anywhere, makes a fire on or in anything—a basin, dishpan or pot; there is no limit to his invention. He will cook in the middle of the street, or in the centre of his guests in a restaurant. Upon one occasion, when on board a junk, I observed a man cooking his own and his neighbor's food together in a tub and an earthenware saucer containing the charcoal. Wonderful creatures they are, these despised Chinese, with a deftness of finger and ingenuity of patience unsurpassed by any nation under the sun.

LET another's passion be a lecture to thy reason, and let the shipwreck of his understanding be a seamark to thy passion.

WE often censure the conduct of others, when, under the same circumstances, we might not have acted half so well.

SOUND POLICY is never at variance with substantial justice.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—*Four* copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight* copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

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CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

E. J. B. (Weston).—Pennekese Island is off the coast of Massachusetts, near Nantucket.

ARBITRATOR.—The Alabama was sunk on Sunday, the 19th of June, 1864, off Cherbourg, France, after a desperate sea fight of about one hour's duration.

S. F. C.—If you have any good reason for believing that the young lady is willing that you should renew your addresses, we do not see why you should not propose again. She may have had cause to make her change her mind.

B. F. B.—The distance between New York and San Francisco varies, according to the different routes taken. Via the Union Pacific Railroad, it is 3,361 miles; by Cape Horn, 16,350; by Panama, 6218; Darien, 6540; by Nicaragua, 5474, and by Honduras, 5157 miles.

C. F. B.—You are quite at liberty to accept the attentions of another. If the young man of whom you speak really does love you, he has a very queer way of showing it. He has no right whatever to consider you in any way bound to him, under the circumstances you state to us.

BLONDE.—If you will take our advice, you will be very careful, indeed, how you use any kind of cosmetics. They are all of them, more or less, injurious in their effects, and we would earnestly warn you against being so foolish as to habituate yourself to the use of any of them, no matter how popular or how highly spoken of.

E. W.—We believe the lady you allude to is married, but we must decline giving you her real name in these columns. In the theatrical world, it is very difficult to arrive at the position of the ladies occupying the stage, as many of them prefer to appear in public in the name under which they first won their popularity. Besides, we do not see what business it is of yours, or anybody else's, to ask such a question.

FLETA.—The schoolmate who says "she never minds her mother, but always does what she herself pleases" is not a desirable acquaintance for you or any other girl. "Honor thy father and thy mother," is a commandment which no child can disregard without evil consequences, and you should not choose for a bosom friend and intimate associate a girl who so openly sets this, or any other commandment at defiance.

R. W. L.—"Noticing how ready you are to answer any questions put to you, I wish to ask you if the Atlantic cable is buoyed up. I don't mean held up in the water, but buoys attached to it so as to tell where it lies, and to trace it across the ocean in the event of any breaks in the line." The cable is not buoyed, and its whereabouts are found by calculations familiar to those who have studied navigation. The cable lies along the bottom of the ocean.

C. C. (Ryer's Station.)—We know nothing regarding the sewing machine company you refer to, whether it is reliable or otherwise. 2. We cannot give you the address of any coin dealer in this column. 3. We do not wish to open up again that interminable question, and so we will not try to convince you of the erroneousness of your opinions. 4. We have no copies on hand whatever of the publication you mention. It is entirely out of print.

SUBSCRIBER (Phila.)—Could you not have given your initials, or any *nom de plume* instead of this tiresome and perplexing signature? You ask "When two gentlemen, A and B, are walking on the street and meet an acquaintance of A, who bows, should B, who is not acquainted, bow also?" If the acquaintance they meet is a lady, then, of course, B should also raise his hat; but if it is a man, then he is not required to take any notice of him. 2. Writing is very fair.

DOUBLE ENTRY.—"Is it possible to acquire a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping, without a teacher, by studying some of the many works on that branch? And if so, what is the best book I can study?" There are many standard books on bookkeeping; some prefer one, others another, but any of them will answer your purpose. You can learn a good deal from books alone, but in order to become thoroughly proficient, it would be better for you to have even a few weeks' instruction from some competent teacher.

MARINE.—"Don't be shocked at the question I am going to ask you, but can you tell me the origin or meaning of the phrase: 'The devil to pay and no pitch hot' which is in use among sailors." The phrase is a caulker's term. To "pay" a seam in a ship's side is meant to pour hot pitch into it after the oakum had been driven in. The "devil" is the seam next the water which was most difficult to put tar into. Thus "the devil to pay and no pitch hot," meant the worst of the work to do, and no materials in a proper state of preparation.

QUIZ.—The origin of the expression "Hobson's choice," is said to have been as follows: One Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out horses on hire. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable where there was a great number of horses, but he was obliged to take the horse that stood next the stable door. In this way every customer was alike well served, according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your choice is forced upon you to say it was "Hobson's choice."

G. W.—In order to be a good engineer on a railroad, a man must be clear-headed, steady-nerved, sober and thoroughly reliable, and always with his wits about him, ready for any emergency. The only way to learn the business is by actual experience, and the first thing for you to do, if you want to learn it, is to apply for a situation as stoker or fireman, and in that position study the art of running a locomotive. Failing in this, you can become familiar with the mechanism of a locomotive and make a beginning, by working in a railroad machine shop.

E. J. D.—"Please tell what can be the matter with my gold fish. I take every care I can of them, and still every little while I find one, sometimes two, dead when I go to them of a morning." As a rule, if gold fish die, it is attributable to one of these three causes—handling, starvation, or bad water. You should never take the fish in your hand. If you want to clean out the tank they are in, make a net of mosquito netting and take the fish in it. Keep the water clean. Feed the fish all they can eat and anything they will eat—worms, meat, fish-guts, etc. But take great care that you take all they do not eat out of the aquarium. Any decayed food in the water has the same smell to a fish that it does to us in the air.

C. E. R.—(Centreville.)—You will probably grow some three or four inches taller, which is a fair average height for a woman. You surely don't want to be a giantess; just consider how much extra your dresses would cost! We would gladly do a very great deal to earn the "loving gratitude" of a young lady of "sweet sixteen," but unfortunately it is not in our power to render you the assistance you ask from us. Our staff of engaged writers is already full, but if you choose to send on any of your articles, we will, of course, give them prompt attention, and let you know what we think of them.

LOTTIE.—So you are not sure whether you are really in love or not, and want us to decide the point! Truly, a very hard matter for us to decide. Love is so subtle a passion that it is difficult to define it; but there is very little doubt about your discovering its presence, when once it has found a lodgment in your heart. You will know you are in love when you esteem some one highly, when you admire him, when you regard him as best of all, when you are happy in his company and unhappy when he is absent. We are inclined to believe from your last question, "Can any one love two persons at the same time?" that you are not yet in love, or you would never ask us such a question. Love is not love when it can be divided between two objects.

GENTLEMAN DICK.—A sailor's life is by no means the life of fun, frolic and jollity which you have imagined it to be. You say you have been reading Captain Marryatt's sea novels, and therefore we do not wonder, for he only showed up the comic phases of ship-life, avoiding those which are serious and smoothing over the difficulties, thus impressing you with the poetical or romantic phases of a sailor's life without any conception of its peculiar hardships. You are well provided for now, you say, have plenty of food to eat, and that of the best, and cease work at a certain hour, and can retire to a comfortable bed. Just take the contrast of a sailor's life—hard work all day, salt junk or salt pork for dinner, your duty spread over the day and night, liable, as exigencies require, to be called up any hour in the night to help in the management of the ship. To endure all weather—extreme heat, extreme cold and besides endure all the risks a sailor's life is subject to. Think well over the matter before you throw away substance for shadow.

ALICE.—What is your opinion about long engagements? I have been engaged for now going on to two years, and I am coming to the conclusion that it is high time something was done. Don't you think so?" Certainly, we agree with you perfectly. The question how long an engagement should last depends, of course, a great deal on circumstances, but long courtships are always bad, in our opinion. If the parties are already well known to each other, there is no need of it, and if not, one year or at the most two, should be enough for mutual knowledge to spring up. Long wooing is by some regarded as a test of constancy, but it is wrong to apply too stern a test, and as every wife wishes her husband to be still a lover, and *vice versa*, long and sometimes wearying courtship is apt to lead to disappointment. Some marriages, indeed, if put off too long, never come off at all. In fact, our opinion on the subject may be briefly summed up as follows: that both young men and young women should keep their liberty as long as they please, but when once you have made up your minds to choose a mate, and have made the choice, let the marriage follow after a reasonable period, while your hope and love are young.

G. W. B.—"Can you find out for me what was the total cost of the last war between France and Germany, and how much to each country? I have been trying to find this out, and have written to two other papers but have received no reply from either, probably because they could not tell me. I hope you won't treat me so unkindly." We are glad that it is in our power to give you the information you have been seeking. The war of 1870 cost France $1,855,000,000, to which $365,000,000 may be added as the value of the ceded territory. Of course the cost to the North German Confederation was much less, as their troops operated in the enemy's country, and the commissariat was much better managed than with the French. The cost to Germany has been officially stated as $265,000,000, but when peace was concluded the treasury was empty, and had it not been for the French indemnity, a new loan would have been necessary. The $50,000,000 of the German war chest and the $200,000,000 of the war loan must therefore have been exhausted. Compared with other modern wars, the cost of the Franco-German war, on the whole, was moderate, inasmuch as private compensation is included.

IGNORANT.—You ask us to tell you "the origin and history of the national debts of this country and of England." It would take a column at least to tell you all about this, but we will be as brief as we can. With us the national indebtedness was inevitable, the result of many years struggle for independence. In Washington's presidency, its highest amount was $83,772,172. In 1812, Madison's fourth year, it was down to $45,209,737. In 1816, the war with England raised it to $127,334,933. In 1857, Buchanan's first year it was $20,050,300, but rose annually after that, swelled by the late war, until it reached its maximum on July 31, 1865, $2,756,995,275. The course of the present Administration has been to pay off the debt, and on the 1st of November, 1874, it had been reduced to $2,260,967,702. The English debt is older and larger than the American, and the most sanguine expectations, the wildest imagination, does not dream that it can ever be paid off. It began in 1691, under the reign of William and Mary, its amount being only $16,000,000. It rose during successive reigns, from the different wars which have taken place, up to the close of the Crimean war, in 1857 to $4,060,545,610, and, at present, according to the latest return at our command $3,761,473,506.

UNHAPPY WIFE.—If your husband is *really* sincere in his desire to reform, and to overcome his appetite for liquor, let him read and carefully follow out the following advice, which has been the saving of many a man just as far gone as he seems to be. The desire for stimulants, produced by the continued use of alcoholic liquors, being, in many cases, almost a mania, the best way to conquer this craving is to provide a substitute in the shape of some harmless beverage, as there are very few persons who have the will or strength of mind to discontinue the use of liquor at once, the intellect having become weakened by a course of dissipation. The following mixture is highly recommended in cases of this kind, to be taken in quantities equal to an ordinary dram, and as often as the desire for liquor occurs: Sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirits of nutmeg, one drachm. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents the absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. In the course of time the unnatural appetite will have become conquered, and the brain will resume its usual vigor, enabling the person to resist the desire, should no be tempted at any time to return to this soul and body destroying habit.

MISCELLANEOUS.—D. B. M. (Loveiton.)—Every State prison has its own distinct rules and regulations, and therefore it would be impossible for us to answer the questions you have put to us regarding the one in your State. H. G.—About five feet four or five inches. 2. Read our Boudoir column, and consult Fashion Editress. 3. It is entirely a matter of taste, height has nothing to do with it. CAPTAIN JACK.—Yes, we believe he could. 2. There are several places, but we cannot give the addresses here. 3. We do not understand your euchre question. COAL DIGGER.—We have endeavored to find out what you ask, but are sorry to say we have failed. A. E. S. (Greenville.)—We are sorry we can give you no information regarding the person you refer to. It is impossible for us to trace him out. W. F. K.—The difference of age is not sufficient on that score. If you really love the young lady we advise you by all means to make her an offer. L. A. B.—The average height of man is said to be five feet seven inches. A. W. (West Chester.)—It is impossible for us to tell you "how many cities of South America have gas and water works, and what two have the best." ELLA.—It was decidedly very rude of the young man not to call when you invited him to him to do so. You had better not bother yourself any more about him. KRYPTOS.—Cryptography means writing in cypher, or secret characters. STUPID.—The plural of spoonful is spoonfuls not spoonsful. TIRED.—There is no rule. A gentleman may call upon the lady to whom he is engaged as often as it is agreeable and convenient for her to receive him. A. A. H.—We know nothing of the concern you allude to. D. A. N.—If you require to consult a physician, you had far better apply to one in your own neighborhood than to one of whom you know nothing whatever. J. C. G.—We never vouch for our advertisers. L. E.—By all means decide in favor of the first gentleman, if you *must* choose between them. IGNORANT.—You can find the meaning of the different words you mention in your dictionary. We cannot convert our columns into a dictionary. P. O. G.—The translation of the phrase is "To the good all things are good." ETTIE.—He has nothing to do with the scheme in question. M. E. S.—Excessive perspiration amounts in some cases to a constitutional disease, and cannot be prevented, we are afraid. G. R. D.—There is no preparation that will "produce" whiskers. Nature cannot be forced in that manner. K. H.—No depilatory will permanently remove the hair. It grows again in a very short time. L. G.—You may write in all confidence, and we will be happy to answer you through the mail.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*